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FRIEND WITH AIDS
by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Why Orwell Was Right to Name Names—Norman Podhoretz

# NATIONAL REVIEW

## The Smile on The Face of The Jackal Inside the IRA

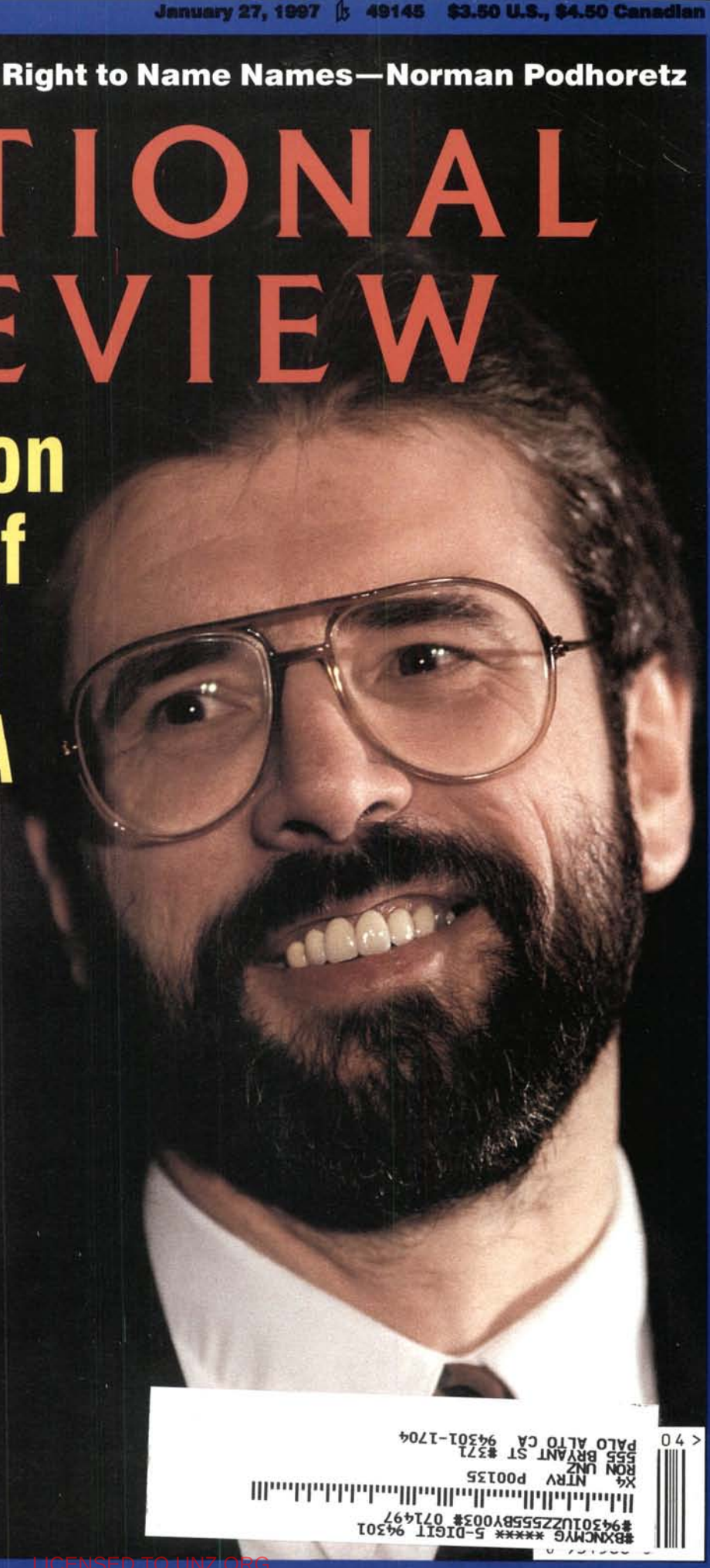
*By Sean O'Callaghan*

## What's Next For Newt

*By Kate O'Beirne*

## Theocons v. Neocons?

*By Ramesh Ponnuru*



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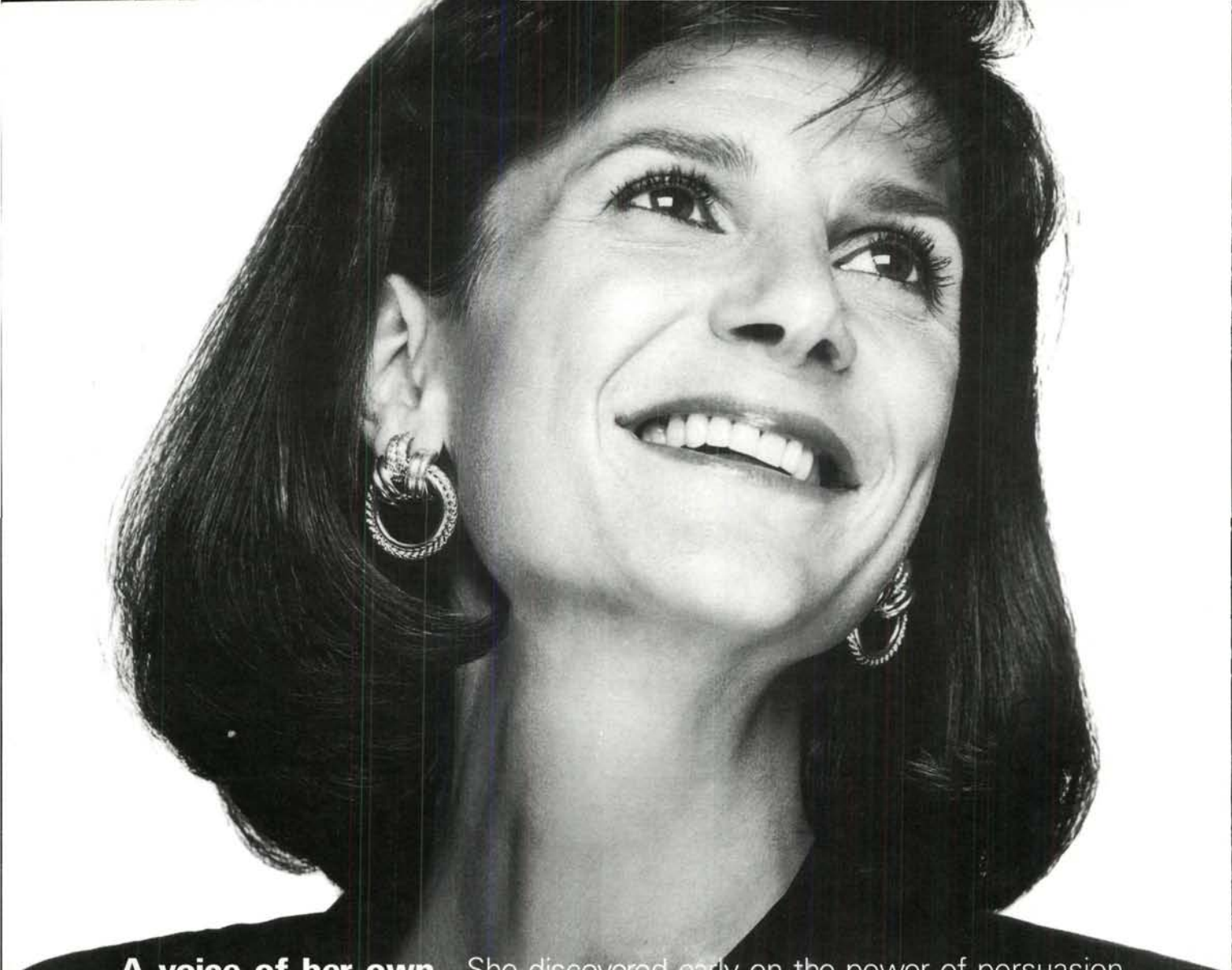

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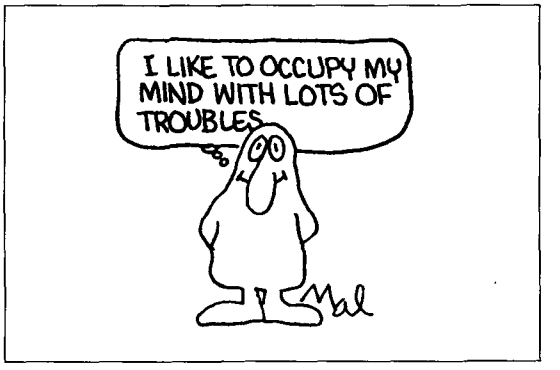


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# LETTERS

### *Survival of the Dryest*

The "strict construction" tone of Robert H. Bork's "Ambrosia & Amnesia" [Nov. 25] reminded me of a late World War II institution—the "Air Force Special Survival Kit." Instead of the usual compass, maps, fishhooks, first-aid kit, and such, it consisted solely of a collapsible cup; a large, shatterproof tube of gin; a smaller one of vermouth; and another containing an olive, a twist of lemon peel, a pickled onion, and a pickled walnut.

After extracting himself from his parachute, the airman sat down and began building his version of a martini. And before he was half finished, someone was looking over his shoulder crying, "Oh, the horror, the horror!"

I don't know if the Air Force has a current version of that kit—and, if it does, I don't want to know what's in it. Probably white wine, mineral water, and Cointreau.

*John R. Elting*
*Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.*

### *War and Remembrance*

Mark Miller ["Democratic Realism on the Mall," Dec. 9] has the right principle, and so far as it is applied to war memorials in general, I agree with him. But the Vietnam War is an exception: it was a lost war and, in my view at least, ignominiously lost. Realism is, indeed, a style unsuited to commemorating those who fought in a victorious war or even in a war the waging of which, though it was not victorious, achieved a demonstrably good end. But Vietnam was peculiar, because it was neither victorious nor merely unvictorious, but a bloody boondoggle and finally a shameful rout. Of course it needn't have been either. But the fact is that we *needlessly* lost the war and thus allowed the enslavement of the South Vietnamese by an evil regime.

It is both a principle and a fact of war that glory belongs to the victor. There is, hence, no glory in ignominious defeat. Insofar as the mind cannot ignore this, neither should art. To comprehend the war in its full symbolic power, as Mr. Miller agrees art should, is impossible without representing its failure, which is an inescapable fact about the war and an ineradicable part of its symbolism. But the failure lay almost exclusively in Washington's political manipulation of the war, not in the soldiers' execution of it. Any memorial then should strictly observe the distinction between the war, which cannot decently be glorified, and those whose courage in battle paid the price of duty and who, therefore, deserve our homage.

Maya Lin's ideological hatred of the war should have disqualified her; for it has limited her work to graphically enumerating the dead without honoring them, so that those who come to that shrine to honor the dead can only mourn them. To appreciate fully the Vietnam War one has to hold together the contradictory facts of honor and defeat and their competing emotional dispositions of respect and sorrow. Art should facilitate this tricky balancing act.

*Richard J. Divozzo*
*Grand Rapids, Mich.*

Mr. Miller twice repeats a widely held but erroneous assertion: that the famous image of the flag-raising on Mt. Suribachi was "staged for the camera."

The famous photograph, taken by Associated Press photographer Joe Rosenthal, on which the Iwo Jima Memorial is based, does indeed depict the second flag-raising by Marines on Suribachi. However, it was not staged. The first flag raised was a very small flag attached to a piece of Japanese pipe. It could barely be seen from the beachhead or the ships. The decision was made to send a much larger flag to the top. A large battle flag was obtained from one of the landing ships and sent with a detail to the top of Suribachi. This much more visible flag was attached to a heavy second piece of Japanese pipe and raised simultaneously with the lowering of the first flag. The men in the famous scene were literally straining with the effort of raising the heavy pipe and flag on a windy mountain top. The scene, entirely unposed, was captured on film by still and movie cameras from several angles. One of the still shots was Rosenberg's perfect picture. The movie taken at the same time makes it clear that there was never a pause in the motion of raising the flag.

The Iwo Jima Memorial, and the Rosenthal photograph on which it is based, depict a real event in a real battle, and the men depicted were real Marine and Navy heroes. This situation bears no resemblance to the Hollywood phoniness of the newer memorials that Mr. Miller decries.

*Bill Brockman*
*Atlanta, Ga.*

### *Of Souls Dead and Literary*

Please tell Florence King ["The Joys of Re-Reading," Dec. 23], who asks, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he could read the complete works of Sir Walter Scott?" and claims that "Nobody has read all of Scott except Scott, and that only because he had to read proof," that at least one person—myself—has indeed read all of Scott, and that it was a wonderful experience. If I am given the years, I shall certainly do it again at least once before I die. Of course Scott is out of favor today, but that is because we live in a time of depressed literary taste (witness the kind of books Miss King recommends). But there should be no doubt that Scott is one of the great figures in the tradition, and, more to the point, one of the great *conservative* voices in that tradition, and so it is a little surprising to find him disparaged in the pages of *NR*.

*James J. Powell*
*Winston-Salem, N.C.*

### *Soul or Spirit?*

I greatly appreciated John O'Sullivan's "Mistaken Identities" [Nov. 25]. I would, however, suggest that what Mr. O'Sullivan refers to as the "soul" would be better identified as the "spirit." The Scriptures refer to man as a tripartite being, as in I Thessalonians 5:23—"May your whole spirit, soul, and body be kept blameless at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." It is this spirit that is the focus or core of identity to the Judaeo-Christian mind. It is this that is regenerated, or in the much-used Christianese, "born again," when one embraces faith in Christ. The other concentric circles around the core, soul (mind), and body are not directly affected when this change of identity to a "new creation" is made by God. Rather, we are asked to renew the mind, and our body is promised renewal as the last part of redemption when Christ returns.

Apart from divine revelation, I do not think that proof of a spirit, separate from the mind, will ever be made convincingly. Any appeal to the experience of the consciousness which "senses" the spirit as that ultimate viewer which oversees all other aspects of consciousness, leaves one open to the criticism that there is no ultimate viewer, but only a series of constructs, like the reflection in a mirror of a man looking at himself in another mirror. The retrogression becomes infinite and pointless.

If one rejects divine revelation on this issue, I fear that it ultimately leads to the dilemma that we now endure of pick-your-favorite-theory of genetics, environment, or auto-identity.

*Nicholas Cava*
*Lake Grove, N.Y.*



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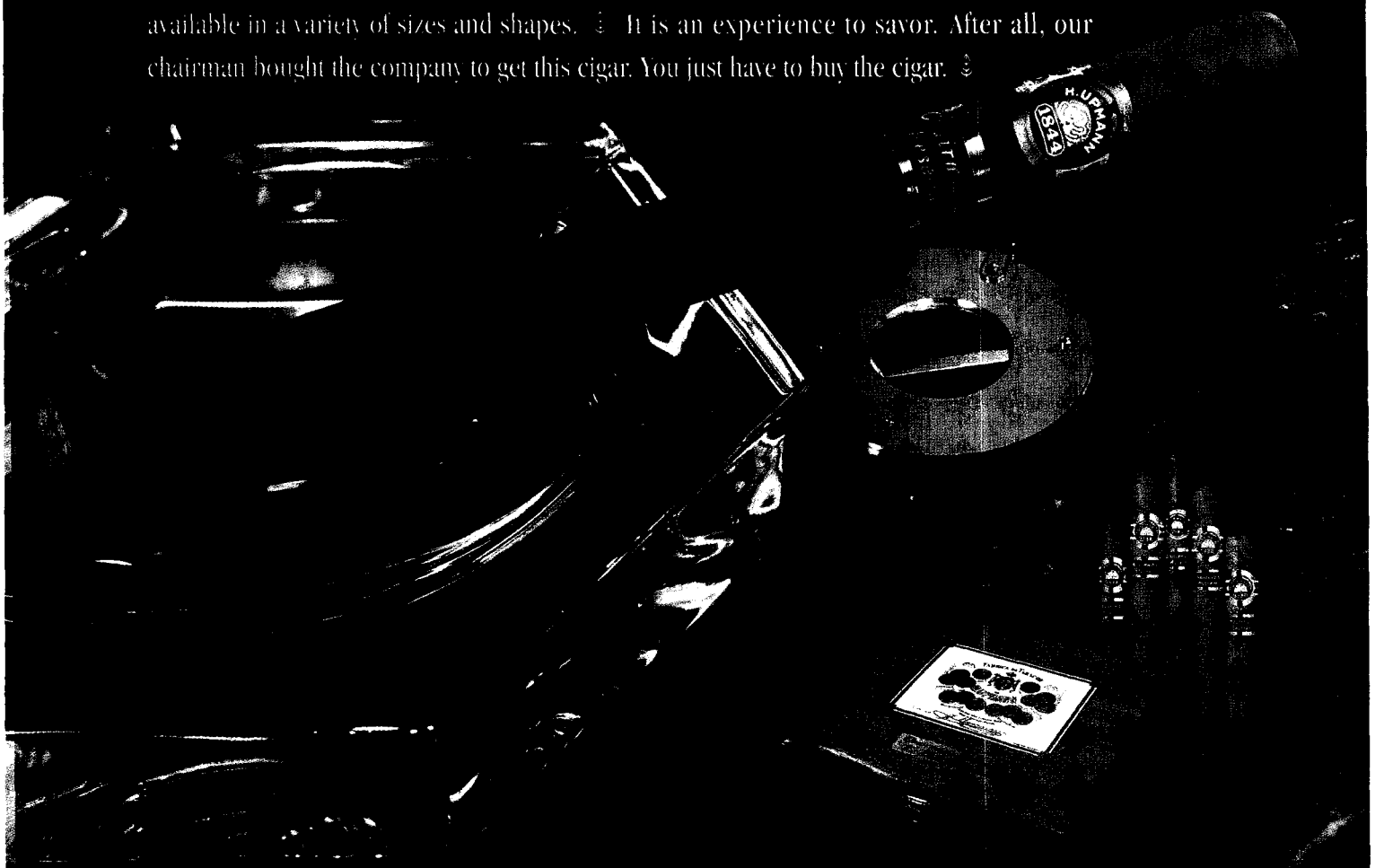


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# *FROM THE* EDITOR

## Seeing Through New Sunglasses

■ Whenever *NR* publishes an article critical of the Irish Republican Army, we receive hurt letters from Irish-American readers who think of the IRA as the romantic vanguard of Irish identity.

I take such letters to be the tip of a larger iceberg of Irish-American readers who devoutly believe in the historical inevitability of a united Ireland and are therefore tempted to excuse whatever is required to bring the inevitable about.

Being decent people, however, they are able to do so only as long as they remain ignorant of what the IRA is and what it does. Hence the importance of Sean O'Callaghan's account of his life—first as an IRA volunteer, then as an informant for the Irish and British authorities—in this issue of *NR*.

Mr. O'Callaghan is like a character from a Dostoyevsky novel—a man who is led by naïvéte into committing great crimes and then by knowledge and consciousness of guilt into making reparation to society and his victims.

His first act of reparation was to serve eight years in prison, convicted solely on his own testimony. Even more important may be his second: his disturbing account of the sectarian savagery that inspires IRA murder and thuggery.

After this, no one can have any excuse for seeing the Provisional IRA in any sort of romantic light.

■ Over breakfast in a London café at the start of the New Year, Mr. O'Callaghan turned out to be tough, witty and politically shrewd. The Provos, nervous of him, have been test-marketing various smears.

The first, inevitably, was that he was an informant who had "deceived" the IRA in the course of reporting them to the authorities. This deception O'Callaghan frankly admitted—indeed proclaimed—as the only way of preventing IRA bombings and assassinations.

A second smear, retailed by a leading Northern nationalist politician, was that O'Callaghan had been described by the judge at his trial as "a fantasist." In fact, the judge made no such charge. And in an *Irish Times* column Garrett Fitzgerald, the Irish Premier during the relevant period, confirmed his account and praised his "courage and commitment."

What is disturbing about these charges is the light they throw on Irish political and journalistic culture: informing on terrorists is felt to be somehow shameful, when in truth it falls not far short of a public duty.

But we must expect more such smears. Mr. O'Callaghan will be applying shortly for a U.S. visa. Because of his past involvement in terrorism, that will need a State Department waiver—of the kind granted to Gerry Adams.

It will be interesting to see the reaction from Bill Clinton, Ambassador Jean Kennedy Smith, Nancy Soderberg, Peter King, and Uncle Ted Kennedy and all.

■ A lighter sidelight on national character is offered by advertising. Which is why I took notice of the advertising shorts at a London movie theater.

One of them, an apparent plug for environmentalism, showed the impact of global warming: fertile lands drying into deserts, continents shriveling in the heat, the globe catching fire.

"Take action," it urged. "Write to your MP. Give a donation"—to Greenpeace, I presumed gloomily. Not so. Suddenly the ad changed gear: "Alternatively, you can say b——— to all that, enjoy the sun while it lasts, and open an ice-cold Foster's lager." Cut to a kangaroo in sunglasses, reclining in a deckchair and drinking a can of Australian beer.

It is doubtful if a Madison Avenue agency would challenge prevailing pieties in this way. Though British society has fewer legal and institutional defenses for free speech than America, it also has less respect for what Orwell called the "smelly little orthodoxies."

And that may be at least as important in the long run—especially when judges are themselves in the grip of the New Class's smelly little orthodoxies.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN


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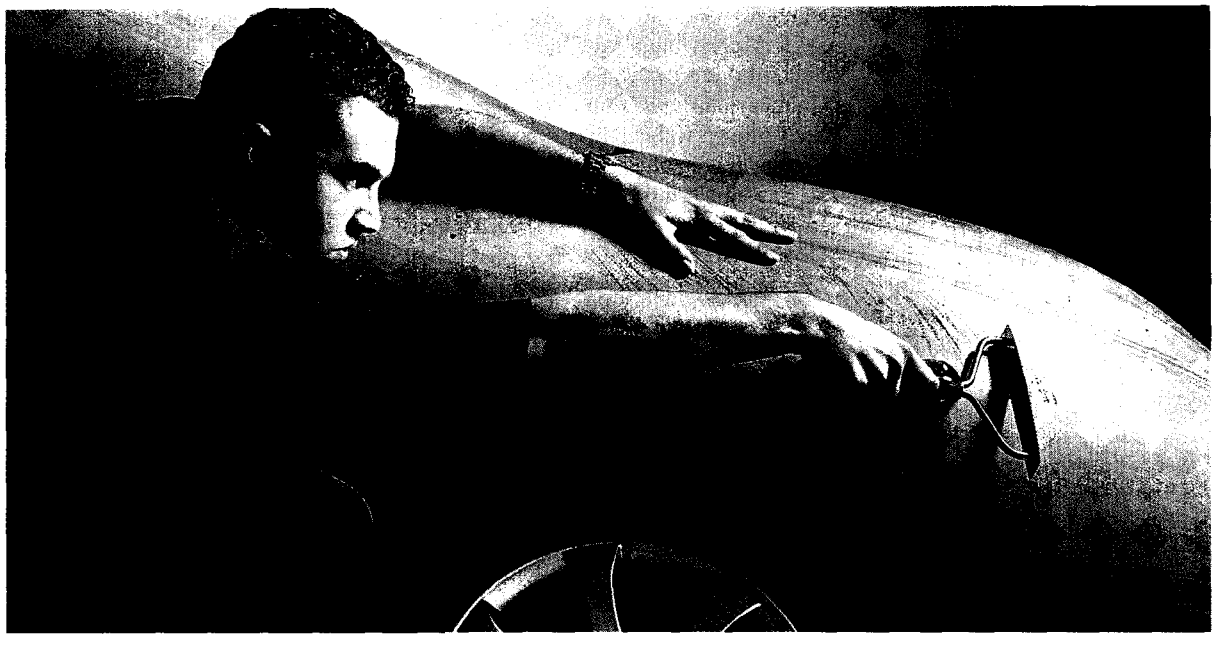

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# *FOR THE* RECORD

■ Even as **Newt Gingrich**'s re-election as Speaker began to appear as foregone conclusion, a variety of Right-leaners continued to call on him to step down: Reps. **Michael Forbes** (R., N.Y.) and **Matt Salmon** (R., Ariz.); journalists **William Safire**, **James Glassman**, **Paul Greenberg**; Judicial Watch Pres. **Larry Klayman**. *Detroit News* editorializes: "We yield to nobody in our admiration for what Mr. Gingrich has achieved in ending the liberal monopoly over Capitol Hill. But we also have confidence that the conservative tide will persist even without Mr. Gingrich as Speaker. Indeed, it may even be strengthened." **Arianna Huffington** suggests **Dick Cheney** as an interim Speaker. **Jack Kemp** is said to believe that **Dole**–Kemp would have won but for Gingrich.

■ **Ralph Nader** calls Rep. **John Kasich** (R., Ohio) the difference between Republicans and Democrats: "He's leading the fight against corporate welfare. There's no Democrat leading the fight against corporate welfare." . . . Jack Kemp helps persuade St. Paul Mayor **Norm Coleman** to switch from Democrat to Republican. Coleman, asked the difference between a Kemp Republican and a **Clinton** Democrat, responds, "Today, probably not much." . . . Friction ahead? Defense Sec. nominee retiring Sen. **William Cohen** (R., Me.), Clinton's token Republican appointment, may be a liberal, but he has taken a stronger line on strategic defense than Administration. . . . Supply-side publicist **Jude Wanniski** (www.polyconomics.com) has set himself large task. Calling **Michael Milken** "one of the finest human beings I have ever met in my 60 years, a man of pure intellect and virtue, incapable of committing any but the slightest of sins or misdemeanors," he calls **Louis Farrakhan** Milken's "counterpart in the black community." He told Milken, "Michael, you are the most demonized Jew in America. Farrakhan is the most demonized black. My objective is nothing less than the reconciliation of the black and Jewish community."

■ According to *Washington Post* report, the name **Hillary** was steadily increasing in popularity in U.S. until 1993. Then, says name-studier **Cleveland Kent Evans**, "The name just plummets, to one-tenth its 1992 level." He adds, "It's the quickest fall I've ever seen." . . . Media Research Center conducts a Nexis search of *Time* since January 1992 looking for word "zealot." Of 39 references, 37 were to conservatives and/or pro-lifers. **Eleanor Clift** earns Center's **Craig Livingstone** Award for Clinton Scandal Denial with Feb. '96 quote: "If **Ken Starr** is a credible prosecutor he will bring this to a conclusion and the Clintons will be exonerated." The Center's Quote of the Year is a *Chicago Tribune* correction: "In her Wednesday Commentary page column, **Linda Bowles** stated that President Clinton and his former campaign advisor **Dick Morris** both were 'guilty of callous unfaithfulness to their wives and children.' Neither man has admitted to being or been proven to have been unfaithful. The *Tribune* regrets the error." . . . Ultrabiased lib **Bryant Gumbel** finally leaves as *Today* co-host. On his last show, ex-Pres. **George Bush** calls him "one of the best, fairest, toughest interviewers in the business."

■ **Jack Kevorkian** on the Supreme Court hearing arguments on assisted suicide: "Nothing good can come of this." He also calls the Justices "nine religious kooks." . . . National Empowerment Television reports that President Clinton's executive order designating 1.7 million acres of Utah as a national monument, and thus off limits for mining, left only two other comparable deposits of clean-burning coal. One is in Colombia, where no development is likely in the foreseeable future; the other is in Indonesia. . . . A good new resource: *Facts, Not Fear: A Parent's Guide to Teaching Children about the Environment*, by **Michael Sanera** (Center for Environmental Education Research) and **Jane Shaw** (Political Economy Research Center). . . . In *Glamour*, **Jennifer Gonnerman** of the *Village Voice* takes media to task for exaggerating influence of conservative Independent Women's Forum; she points out National Organization for Women "actually boasts more than 200 times the membership." If news coverage is to be allocated that way, socially conservative Concerned Women for America, which dwarfs NOW, should have a lot of clips this year. . . . Speaking of IWF, it's hosting a dinner on Feb. 12 at the Mayflower in D.C. in honor of **Ward Connerly**'s heroic efforts to end race and gender preferences in California. Call **Barbara Ledeen** at 202-433-8553.

*"Threatening to behead everyone on welfare after two years seems to be working."*

■ French Pres. **Jacques Chirac** enters new year with unemployment at postwar high, his Premier **Alain Juppé** at the bottom of the polls, ex-Pres. **Valéry Giscard d'Estaing** calling for devaluation, and Bank of France Gov. **Jean-Claude Trichet** adamant that *le franc fort* must hold. . . . Peking has switched its allegiance in Cambodia from dying mass-murderer and Khmer Rouge leader **Pol Pot** to former Prime Minister **Hun Sen**, once Hanoi's darling. . . . Outgoing Director of Central Intelligence **John Deutch** predicts North Korea will become Pres. Clinton's toughest foreign-policy challenge in next two or three years, when it may start a war on the peninsula, implode, or decide to merge peacefully with South Korea. . . . Czech Pres. **Vaclav Havel**, whose wife died a year ago and who is recovering from lung surgery, has married 43-year-old **Dagmar Veskrnova**, a Prague stage and film actress.

■ EPIC/MRA survey of Midwestern adults finds that 56 per cent of Republicans stopped believing in **Santa Claus** by the time they were 7, compared with 41 per cent of Democrats (courtesy of *HOTLINE*). . . . **Henry Hyde**'s definition of a politician: "Someone who can accuse his opponent of deviousness without seeming envious."


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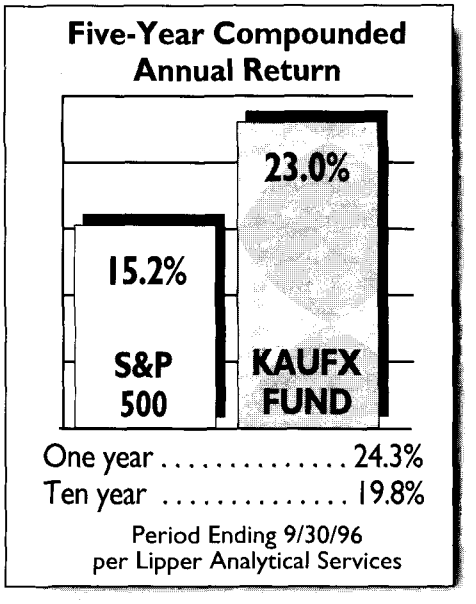

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# THE WEEK

■ Vice President Gore very decently offered to fly all the way from New Hampshire to attend Bill Clinton's Inaugural.

■ "If the [Republicans] don't come around, we'll use children's health the way we used Medicare, and that's a promise and a commitment," AFL-CIO president John Sweeney told the American Public health Association recently. We have been warned: an alleged upsurge in the number of children without health insurance will figure prominently in the liberal establishment's Winter-Spring Offensive. But Merrill Matthews, writing for the Dallas-based National Center for Policy Analysis, points out that a) the "upsurge" is still quite small; b) costly mandated benefits, like compulsory maternity leave, are forcing employers to cancel health-insurance policies, exposing children; and c), uninsured children are disproportionately immigrants and the children of immigrants—overall, 40.6 per cent of foreign-born non-citizens were uninsured in 1995, versus only 13.6 per cent of the native-born. "Any nationwide program for children threatens to evolve into an entitlement program primarily benefitting legal and illegal immigrants," writes Matthews. he and the NCPA are to be congratulated for exposing liberal-establishment hokum—and for ignoring conservative-establishment blindness about the immigrant dimension of many American policy problems.

■ The Clinton Administration wants legalized pot out of California and Arizona and in the White House where it belongs.

■ Soon enough it will be gut-check time again for congressional Republicans on race preferences. Rep. Charles Canady (R., Fla.) is set to re-introduce his bill banning racial discrimination in federal hiring, promotions, and contracts early in the 105th Congress. Judiciary Committee Chairman henry Hyde is willing to give the legislation an airing in his committee, which would probably pass it in one form or another. The outstanding question is whether the House leadership will get behind the bill and allow a vote on the House floor. memories of last year, when leadership not only sat on the Canady bill but countenanced the reauthorization of federal programs shot through with quotas and set-asides, are not encouraging. Since then, of course, California voters dramatically demonstrated their opposition to state-sponsored discrimination. When will Newt Gingrich and Dick Armey?

■ Moderate Republicans, as everyone knows, are trying hard to pull their party back to mainstream America. So what's their top priority this year? According to John McCaslin in the *Washington Times*, the congressmen in the "Tuesday Lunch Brunch" want to restore funds to the National Endowment for the Arts. Memo to the members: if crucifixes in urine represented mainstream America, there wouldn't have been a GOP majority in the first place.

■ Having had an attack of common sense when "Ebonics" first hit the news, the usual suspects are now engaged in revisionism. The Oakland school board wasn't *really* going to teach Ebonics; it wasn't *really* suggesting that Ebonics had a basis in black genes; it wasn't *really* trolling for federal cash from bilingual programs. Instead, the board was looking for a "bridge" between Ebonics and standard English, as teachers under the new dispensation would teach the latter, but not ridicule the former. Never mind that any fair reading of the board's original resolution makes it clear that it was doing exactly what it was accused of doing. And never mind the fact that bilingual education, as currently practiced, means teaching "native" languages, and *not* English. Ecen the mild, revisionist proposal makes no sense. In other periods of American history, waves of immigrants have learned English without teachers who were "sensitive" to their first language. The kids will get over being told they be doing something wrong. They won't get over being told they're doing something right when they aren't.

■ On *Meet the Press*, Anthony Lake, the Administration's nominee for Director of Central Intelligence, was asked whether he believed Alger Hiss was a spy. His answer: "I've read a couple of books that certainly offered a lot of evidence that he may have been. I don't think it's conclu-

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sive." Report from the late CIA: "The U.S.S. *Maine*—Sunk, or Afloat? You be the judge."

■ Texas GOP Chairman Tom Pauken is running better than expected in his bid to succeed Haley Barbour as chairman of the Republican National Committee. Pauken pledges to uproot the Washington-based consultants responsible for the party's "poll-driven policy" and to tend the grassroots. At a Washington press briefing, he appeared ready for the national spotlight, polished, sure-footed, and articulate. Neither of the leading candidates, ex-Gov. Steve Merrill of New Hampshire and RNC General Counsel David Norcross of New Jersey, has enough votes at present to win election at the January 17 meeting. Committee members fear that a Merrill chairmanship would be a full-employment program for the Dole campaign and that Norcross would represent Christine Todd Whitman's Northeast wing of the GOP. Pauken's prospects are hurt by the opposition of Barbour himself and Texas Gov. George W. Bush, but if he can put together a coalition with conservative competitors like Jim Nicholson of Colorado and Chuck Yob of Michigan, he has a shot—and deserves to win.

■ Sen. Christopher Dodd, eight days before the elections, expressed his weariness with the campaign and said that in a week plus one day he could tell the truth "again." We're following this story closely and will let you know when he does.

■ What could be more American? According to a report in the *Los Angeles Times*, at least 19 non-citizens voted in November's race between Rep. Bob Dornan (R., Calif.) and Loretta Sanchez, which Miss Sanchez won by less than 1,000 votes. The illegal voters were registered by the group Hermandad Mexicana Nacional (National Mexican Brotherhood), which registered roughly 1,300 people this year, nearly 600 of whom voted in the Dornan–Sanchez race. The *Times* found its 19 illegal voters out of a random sample of a mere 64 registered voters. How many more were there? No one knows. Small wonder a non-citizen feels comfortable voting in American elections: they are fast becoming as secure and reliable as those back home.

■ Mrs. Shucheng Huang, 55, had to look up the word "strike" when the United Auto Workers local called one at Abex Friction Products in April. But since then she has learned quite a bit about the real meaning of "organized labor." When she continued to work, one of her car windows was broken. Two weeks later, a severed cow's head was left on her hood. A slingshot was used to smash her windshield while she was parking. Other workers had their tires slashed and windows broken, or awoke to find cattle heads in their yards. Someone shot at a window of Thomas Jones's house, and a message on the men's room wall at the plant said, "Tom Jones, you're going to be dead before it's over with" (quote courtesy of Tim Sullivan, *Northern Virginia Daily*). The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation has filed suit on behalf of ten workers who were targeted by the UAW's terror campaign. Such coercion is commonplace. What's especially scandalous is that under federal law, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, union violence is legal if directed toward "legitimate union objectives" (*U.S.* v. *Emmons*, 1973). Abuses are inevitable under a regime of forced unionism. But if Congress is not yet ready to pass a National Right to Work Act, it should at least hold hearings on union thuggery and pass a Freedom from Violence Act removing union officials' status as a class above the law.

## *Bonior, Obsessive-Compulsive*

*Like red capes flapping at a bull,*
*Or just the hint of ballroom tulle*
*To sexpots in the bachelor's line,*
*The sight of Newt makes Bonior's spine*
*Go stiff as setters when they point.*
*Deep breathing's helpful. So's a joint.*

—W. H. von Dreele

■ We have been asked to explain how Mr. Newt's problems differ from the Administration's. Easy. Mr. Newt is accused of an *ethics* violation, whereas Mr. Clinton's wife, friends, associates, fundraisers, business partners, Cabinet members, lawyers, White House staffers, political operatives, cronies, and "Arkansas mafia" are seldom accused of anything worse than felonies. Next.

■ Chinese Premier Li Peng paid a holiday visit to Moscow December 26–28, meeting with Yeltsin and Chernomyrdin and setting the stage for an April summit in Moscow between Yeltsin and Chinese President Jiang Zemin. Ever since Yeltsin's triumphal visit to Peking last spring, the relationship has blossomed into what both sides call a "strategic partnership." The Chinese endorse Russian stands on Chechnya and NATO enlargement; the Russians return the favor by endorsing Chinese positions on human rights, Taiwan, and Hong Kong. The Russians are selling SU-27 jet fighters and related production technology to China. Both sides condemn the notion that any superpower should dictate to other countries. (In case you wondered, that means us.) Meanwhile, the Clinton Administration proceeds on the assumption that Russia and China are our *friends*.

■ Slobodan Milosevic has tried hard to shut down B-92, Serbia's only non-government-controlled radio station. Newly independent media in Poland and the Czech Republic struggle for survival. Throughout Central and Eastern Europe, those working to plant democracy look



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to Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty to keep broadcasting the unfiltered truth—as a check on unreconstructed Communists, as a standard for fledgling free media to emulate, and as a symbol of the West's support for their democratic future. Yet RFE/RL is embattled in Congress: budget cuts have eliminated its Hungarian service and threaten to curtail its Czech and Polish services. Serbo-Croatian broadcasting urgently needs to be expanded, but the money isn't there. All federal funding for RFE/RL is due to end in December 1999. This makes no sense. Eastern Europeans—and we—need RFE/RL.

■ What do Shakespeare, Mozart, and Leonardo have in common? Each is a towering figure in European culture and each has been rejected as too controversial to appear on the new Euro currency. The Bard slammed Jews, Mozart puffed the Masons, Leonardo might have been homosexual. Despairing of famous Europeans, the European Monetary Institute has decreed that the new currency will feature architecture—gateways, windows, bridges. Or, as one Euro-skeptic put it, "It will remind people that a single currency is a gateway to mass unemployment, a window to misery, and a bridge to civil unrest."

■ Administration officials are refusing to appear on *Fox News Sunday* with Tony Snow, in the hopes of strangling the show in the crib. Any thoughts on this political attempt to squelch journalism? Meg? Pinch? Dan?

■ Sterling Burnett of the National Center for Policy Analysis in Dallas has dug up a nice 1990 quote from Timothy Wirth, the Under Secretary of State for Global Affairs, who is generally credited with giving U.S. foreign policy an increasingly Green hue: "We've got to ride the global-warming issue. Even if the theory of global warming is wrong, we will be doing the right thing in terms of economic policy and environmental policy." It is interesting to know that the Administration's top Green doesn't really care whether the theory of global warming is correct. It's a good scare, and that's enough.

■ The press will get off Newt's back once he uses the words "bureaucratic snafu."

■ Maryland (which never seceded from the Union) allowed the Sons of Confederate Veterans to buy specialty license plates showing the Stars and Bars—until black and liberal politicians objected. South Carolina properly removed the Confederate battle flag from its Capitol dome, where it implicitly claimed the respect of all South Carolinians, and where it recalled the state's open support of slavery 136 years ago. But a specialty license plate allows individuals to honor the memory of other individuals, whose actions were often gallant, and whose motives were mixed. Robert E. Lee had freed his slaves. Some Confederate soldiers *were* ex-slaves. It is peculiarly modern to despise losers. The ultimate losers are ourselves.

■ An editing error in our recent editorial "The Deep Green Sea" [Dec. 23] may have misled readers to assume that fertilizing the southern oceans with iron could reverse, rather than slow, the accumulation of carbon dioxide in the earth's atmosphere. But we remain encouraged by this development. Absent an economic means of putting the atmosphere into reverse, it's a good thing that scientists have located the brake pedal.

■ It not be whefuh Ebonics be ungrammatical English but how kids be feelin' 'bout it.

■ Even for liberalism in its late, decadent stage, it's a stretch to make a hero out of a racist, sexist scumbag like Larry Flynt, but the nation's opinion leaders are managing. Director Milos Forman has made a film, *The People* v. *Larry Flynt*, that portrays the *Hustler* publisher as a charming, witty man and a passionate defender of First Amendment freedoms. Forman makes Flynt lament not being able to have more children, though he abandoned five of them, one of whom accuses him of having sexually molested her. The film skips over the racist cartoons and the violent, degrading depictions of sex in the magazine. The only odious characters in the film are nuns, Jerry Falwell, and anyone else offended by Flynt's product. That *The People* v. *Larry Flynt* is being hailed as "timely," "important," and even "patriotic" art just marks another step in the American elite's slouch toward Gomorrah.

■ Sentences of the week, from a laudatory story in *U.S. News & World Report* on assisted suicide in the Netherlands: "Contrary to law, some three-fifths of all Dutch cases of euthanasia go unreported. . . . 1 in 5 of the unreported cases involved the most vexing kind of

## *Happy New Year*

*Required reading shelves exclude the Bard;*
*Fatigued, the faculty succumbs to pop.*
*Rude Chaucer fades, and Milton's index card*
*Lies pristine as Aunt Minnie's marble top.*
*In record stores the three Bs are a flop*
*As rock, like the Ebola virus, blooms;*
*The cultured orchestras slow to a stop,*
*And debuts are a subject one exhumes.*
*Alas, there's more: Her Majesty presumes*
*To elevate a Beatle to Sir Paul,*
*While ectoplasmic Elvis rocks in rooms*
*Where boomers—some inhaling—have a ball.*
*Despite Sam Wannamaker and the Globe,*
*The ghost of Christmas Future sounds like Job.*

—W. H. von Dreele


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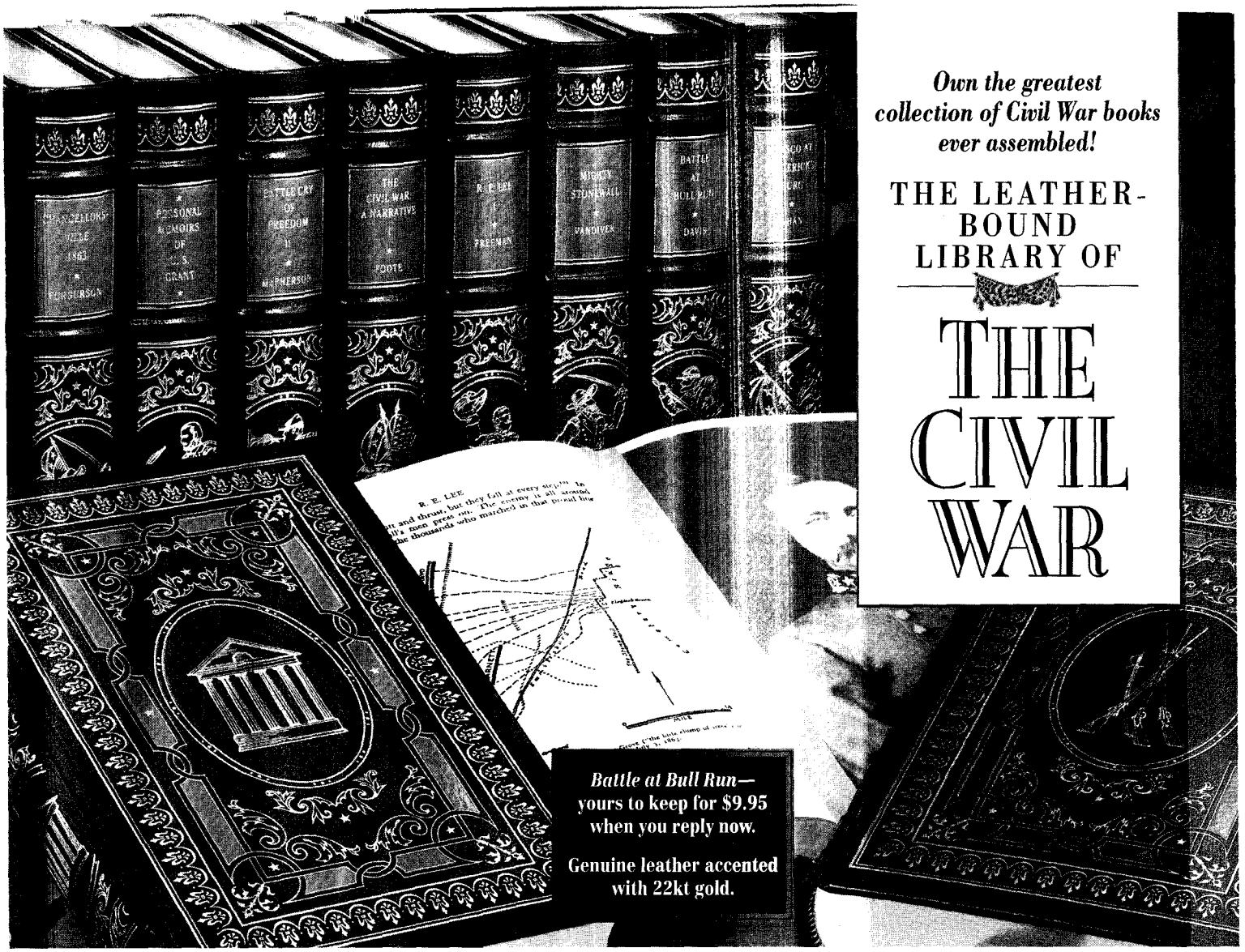


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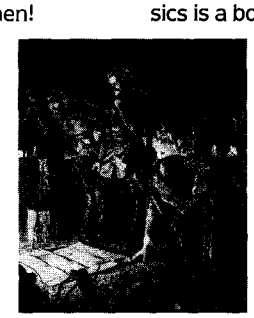

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euthanasia, death without a patient's consent." Vexing indeed. Some would call it dysthanasia. Or homicide.

## Newt's Waterloo

LIKE the battle of Waterloo, Newt Gingrich's re-election as Speaker of the House was a damned near-run thing. Unlike Waterloo, it may not end Newt's war.

The principal charge against Gingrich—that the admixture of partisan money in the funding of his "Renewing American Civilization" chautauqua and his failure to admit it to Congress require him to step down—is absurd. His history course was in fact less partisan than most history lectures in the Ivy League. And even if that were not so, an ordinary citizen who committed the original tax infraction would be told by the IRS not to do it again, as even the *New York Times* conceded. Gingrich is no ordinary citizen but a national leader who has said politicians ought to be held to a higher standard. Still, his misdeeds merit only a reprimand.

Equating Gingrich with his former target, Jim Wright, is grotesque. Wright raked in illegal campaign contributions by selling a phony book, and ran the House with a gross and heavy hand: one of his aides, John Mack, had gone to jail for beating a woman with a hammer and slashing her with a steak knife. When John Mack issued a quorum call, you *went*. The issue in the current case, as Gingrich correctly said, was not the Speaker's character, but whether the Democratic Party could dictate the GOP's leadership. It is astonishing that even GOP malcontents were prepared to go along with this. Still, Gingrich won—and a majority is the best repartee. He is now entitled to press ahead with an agenda that reflects the balance of (mainly conservative) support he received from his party.

There should now be a halt to Republican fretting. Kate O'Beirne's suggestion, pre-uproar, that Gingrich voluntarily step down in order to regroup, was shrewd advice at the time. But he made a different decision, and

# Right Data

LAST year Newt Gingrich characterized New York as a "culture of waste," one that depends on "us to send a check." But in Pat Moynihan's view, the Speaker has it backward. A report commissioned by the senator finds that Empire State residents pay $1.24 in federal taxes for every federal dollar spent in the state. New York State sent $17.7 billion, or $948 per capita, more to Washington in federal taxes last year than it got back in federal spending. (Only nine states had worse per-capita "deficits.") Georgia, meanwhile, paid only 97 cents for every $1 of federal funds received.

But this is nothing new. New York has been a donor state ever since Moynihan began doing the calculations back in 1977, as have Illinois, New Jersey, Michigan, Connecticut, Ohio—states powered by the metropolitan economies of older cities. Meanwhile, the home state of the Speaker is one of many Southern, now largely Republican states that receive more from the Federal Government than they send out in taxes.

There are two reasons why New York, and most other Northeastern states, are net donors. First is the region's relatively high income. On the other side of the equation, New York has relatively few federal employees (ranking 47th in federal salaries per capita, compared to Georgia's 5th) and few defense installations, and gets less than its share of highway and public-works projects. Climate and a high cost of living drive many retirees, along with their Social Security checks and Medicare benefits, to points south. New York ranks 39th in per-capita federal payments to individuals; Florida is first.

So where's the "waste"? Just look at the flow of federal welfare and Medicaid money. Moynihan explains: "When Medicaid took effect in 1966, Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller enthusiastically signed up for every option, and the state has been adding ever since. Fully 75 per cent of Medicaid expenditures in New York are at the state's option; only 25 per cent are required under federal law." So instead of stopping at the required $5.2 billion, Albany spends an additional $17 billion on "optional services." Medicaid spending is matched dollar for dollar by Washington. As a result, every Medicaid dollar sent to New York produces a federal tax liability of just 53 cents for New York residents. Georgians, never having seen the likes of Nelson Rockefeller, pay $1.04 in federal tax for each Medicaid dollar they receive.

Fully 52.3 per cent of all births in New York City are "nonmarital," with the Bronx registering 66.5 per cent and Buffalo 56.0 per cent, compared to a 48.0 per cent illegitimacy rate for the nation's 50 largest cities. These families are typically supported by AFDC, which also receives federal matching funds. "The average AFDC recipient . . . has been 'on the rolls' for just under 13 years," notes Moynihan, adding, "I don't know what it is in New York; our welfare bureaucracies would keep the number secret if they knew it, but probably prefer not to know."

Welfare reform won't hinder the ability of New York legislators to provide gold-plated benefits. Only now Georgia won't have to pay for them.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

NEW YORK: THE POOR LITTLE RICH STATE

| | 1995 | Federal Tax Burden* per $1 of: | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Per Capita Income (Rank) | Total Federal Spending | AFDC Grants | Medicaid Grants |
| Conn. | $26,952 ( 1) | $1.47 | $1.13 | $1.21 |
| Fla. | 24,212 (10) | 0.93 | 1.38 | 1.50 |
| N.Y. | 23,632 (12) | 1.24 | 0.60 | 0.53 |
| Calif. | 23,280 (16) | 1.04 | 0.51 | 1.15 |
| Ga. | 23,233 (19) | 0.97 | 1.18 | 1.04 |
| Tex. | 22,555 (23) | 0.98 | 1.94 | 1.03 |
| Miss. | 18,352 (50) | 0.61 | 1.42 | 0.51 |

Source: Harvard University; Census Bureau.
*Estimated by dividing % of federal taxes paid by % of spending item received.


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# Winds of Change in Japan

**MYTH...**Japanese consumers favor domestic products—even when the cost is greater—and Japan's market is closed to outsiders.

**FACT...**These perceptions may have had some basis in the past, but today they're about as significant as the samurai, for recent economic and social trends in Japan paint a far different picture. Indeed, as Takao Kondo, president of Budweiser Japan Co., notes in *Business Week,* "In the past two years, more changes in Japan have happened than in the last 40." Consider the following:

- A long recession has made Japanese consumers more value-conscious shoppers, especially for American products that are competitively priced and more tailored to Japanese tastes.
- The move toward deregulating the economy has boosted the expansion of such popular U.S. retail chains as Toys "R" Us and The Gap, the new hot spot on Tokyo's fashionable Ginza.
- Increased leisure time and changing lifestyles have generated a boom in leisure activities, and sales of U.S.-made recreational vehicles, outdoor apparel and camping equipment are surging.
- Japanese consumers' changing tastes are resulting in ever-bigger appetites for U.S. food products. Result: the U.S. share of Japan's agricultural market last year—including specialty foods like gourmet coffees and ice creams—was a record $11 billion.
- For reasons as diverse as currency exchange rates and strategic alliances to maintain global competitiveness, Japanese companies are increasingly looking outside traditional relationships. From auto parts to construction materials, U.S. companies in various industries are becoming key suppliers to major Japanese firms.

These and other new trends and changes have helped spur U.S. exports to Japan—up over 20% last year—and that's good news for American business and Japanese consumers alike.

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he has now received the backing of almost all his party. But if the victory is to stick he needs a change of course.

He has been an ineffective leader for nearly a year, since the debacle of the government shutdowns. Apart from a few moves that were defensive or tactical—the Defense of Marriage Act, the ban on partial-birth abortions—little appealing to conservatives has come out of the House that Newt built. (Welfare reform as it evolved was as much a project of the Republican governors as of Congress, and it is questionable how appealing it will prove.) At the end of its term, the 104th Congress shifted from passivity to retreat, endorsing a blizzard of timid bills, such as one raising the minimum wage.

Gingrich's feebleness was partly owing to the trauma of being defeated by Bill Clinton; partly a delayed effect of his patronage of liberal Republicans, partly a malign consequence of his view of the world. Newt Gingrich's mind is divided against itself, half devoted to Tocqueville and the Founders, half to Tofflerian pseudo-think. (If three more nervous Republicans had betrayed Newt, the Third Wave of politics would have been exceedingly short.) That said, however, few Republicans have his combination of energy, imagination, and (among Republicans, at least) charisma. What he needs to add to these qualities is self-discipline and a greater attention to conservative principle. Given these, there is no reason why the Republican revolution should not be relaunched.

A bellwether will be the fate of the Canady bill on affirmative action (see above, p. 8). Opposing affirmative action is both popular and just—an issue wrapped and delivered into Republican hands. If the Speaker fails to open it, he will confirm conservative fears that he is a tactician merely—and an erratic one at that. Fortunately, liberals have given him every reason to fight them.

## Hebron Hangups

AN Israeli–Palestinian deal on military redeployment from the West Bank town of Hebron may be done by the time you read this. It has been reported as "imminent" for three months now. But, as is usual in the Middle East, the details endlessly haggled over are surrogates for more profound issues.

Under the Oslo accords, Israel is to redeploy its troops from Palestinian neighborhoods in Hebron while continuing to protect the (once large but now tiny) Jewish community there and the Cave of the Patriarchs, a major shrine sacred to both Jews and Muslims. Since the blowup last September over the (contrived) issue of the opening of an archaeological tunnel in Jerusalem, Israel's prime minister, Benjamin Netanyahu, has been eager to solve the Hebron impasse in order to show he can keep the peace process alive. His diplomatic weakness—the fact that he needs a Hebron deal more than PLO Chairman Yasir Arafat does—is part of the price he is still paying for losing control over events last fall.

## *Cassandra Calling*

*Susan's sounding cranky.*
*Paula's smelling blood.*
*Kenneth Starr's stem-winding.*
*Carville's been a dud.*
*Hillary sniffs welfare.*
*Bowles is no first mate.*
*Greenspan's contemplating*
*1928.*

—W. H. VON DREELE

One issue left over for the new year was a Palestinian demand for joint patrols at the Cave of the Patriarchs. Another was a Palestinian demand for a timetable for further Israeli redeployments from other portions of the West Bank. Oslo specifies that these are to be completed by September, but it does not specify exactly when and to what extent. Netanyahu, facing open rebellion in his cabinet from colleagues who fear he has already conceded too much, has rejected both demands.

The question of further redeployments is the most important one. Whether or not the timetable is linked to the Hebron deal (there is no reason why it should be), such redeployments will sketch out on the ground the territorial limits of the Palestinian- and Israeli-controlled portions of the West Bank and Gaza. Any future negotiation over Palestinian sovereignty, final borders, Jerusalem, etc. will *begin* where the redeployments left both sides. The Palestinians could end up with anywhere between 25 and 85 per cent of the disputed territory.

Netanyahu has now proposed that both sides skip the incremental further redeployments and plunge directly into a negotiation over the ultimate status of the territories. Admittedly this is a procedural deviation from Oslo, but it deserves more consideration than it has gotten. Netanyahu has concluded (in line with the advice of, among others, Henry Kissinger) that if he is going to get into a brawl both at home and internationally, he might as well make it over the core issues, instead of letting himself be battered at each stage of interim redeployment, *à la* Hebron.

American and international media coverage being incompetent as well as biased against Israel, journalists have missed the real story—namely, an extraordinary retreat by Netanyahu on crucial issues. First came a trial balloon (in a *Jerusalem Post* interview on December 20 with Netanyahu's closest aide, David Bar-Illan) indicating that Netanyahu now accepted the concept of a Palestinian state. The Likud goal of "Greater Israel," Bar-Illan said, had been a lost cause since Oslo; the only issues left were what limitations on Palestinian sovereignty could be negotiated (particularly demilitarization) and the extent of Palestinian territory. In addition, Bar-Illan assured *Je-*


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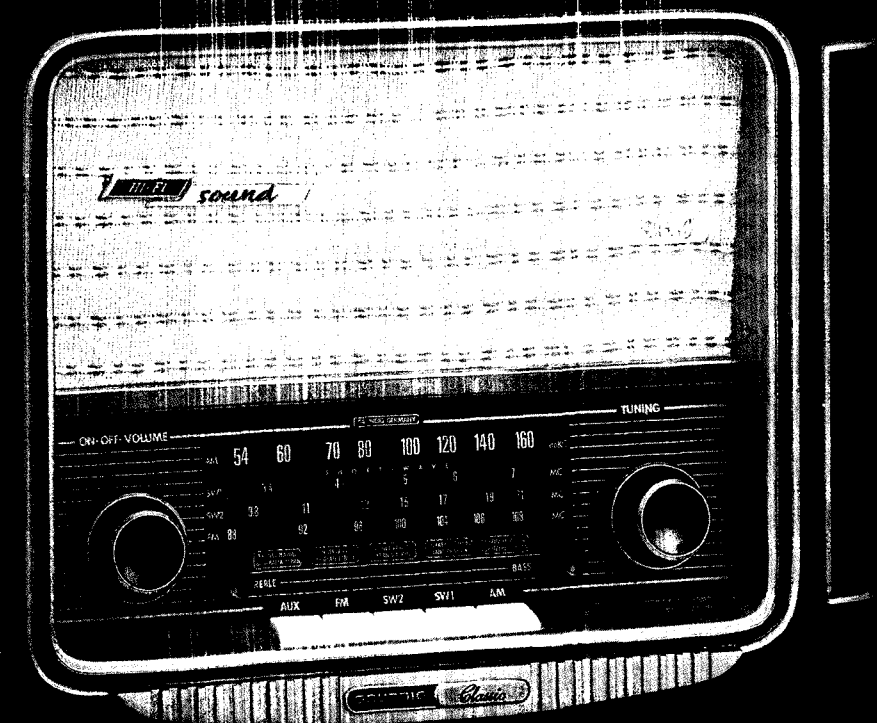


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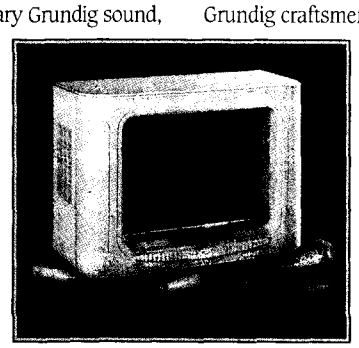

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*rusalem Report* that, while the population would be expanded in existing Jewish settlements in the occupied territories, not one inch of new land was being added to the settler communities—in effect freezing the territorial status quo as the U.S. and others have long demanded.

Netanyahu has been given no credit for these major concessions. Indeed, they have gone unnoticed except by friends of Israel nervous about their implications. They deserve a sensible Palestinian response, such as a quick consummation in Hebron unlinked to further withdrawals and an acceptance of Netanyahu's proposal to leapfrog directly to a negotiation over the "final status."

There is no escape now from these core issues. Standing pat was never an option; that strategy only put greater pressure on Israel when everything blew up over the tunnel episode. And, as even Ariel Sharon acknowledged a few weeks ago (giving Netanyahu important cover), the Palestinians already have a state now, whatever one calls it. It is time for Israel to bear down on the issues still left open—the borders and powers of this Palestinian state. Israel has its own legitimate claim on a share of the West Bank–Gaza territory. It has a right to its own "secure and recognized boundaries" under UN Security Council Resolution 242, which means that a return to the 1967 armistice lines is excluded. Demilitarization of any Palestinian state is also essential—along with other limits on its foreign and security policies.

What Netanyahu needs now is not bashing from the Right, either at home or abroad, but support as he embarks on the high-risk course of pursuing what his people elected him for—a settlement with the Palestinians that assures Israel's long-term security.

## Catch 'Em, Lock 'Em Up

THE latest FBI statistics show a five-year drop in serious crime. President Clinton said the drop resulted from his putting 100,000 cops on the streets, but since he didn't actually put that many there, that cannot be the explanation.

A more reasonable one is suggested by the sharp drop in crime in New York City, a major factor in pulling down the nation's numbers. Mayor Rudolph Giuliani and former police chief William Bratton pursued a strategy, devised by academics James Q. Wilson and George Kelling, called "broken window" policing. When cops seek aggressively to round up minor offenders, criminals of all kinds feel discouraged, and the law-abiding take back their streets. In 1996 New York had fewer than 1,000 homicides, for the first time since 1968.

In the latest issue of *The Public Interest*, Wilson suggests another factor—America's determination, since the Seventies, to keep criminals in jail. Wilson contrasts the American war on crime with the situation in Britain, which over the same period pursued a policy of shortening and (for non-violent crimes) eliminating jail sentences. Rates of burglary and auto theft in England are now higher than in the United States.

Not everyone is celebrating. Another criminologist, John J. DiIulio Jr., attributes our falling crime rates to a temporary drop in the number of young males. DiIulio warns that another cohort of potential barbarians is waiting just over the demographic horizon. All the more reason to keep doing the correct, common-sensical things: arresting criminals, and sending them to jail.

## Michael A. Scully, RIP

WHEN Michael and Mary Scully were married on July 29, 1995, they opened their wedding reception by dancing to the tune, "They Tried to Tell Us We're Too Young." Mike was then 45. The dry humor and self-deprecation were typical of Mike, who died, much too young, on December 17.

Michael Scully was a quiet, thoughtful man of great erudition, who wrote like an angel. He was a low-profile, but integral, figure in the conservative movement, whose principal journals (including *NR*) he graced with his essays and reviews. He served in turn as managing editor of *The Public Interest*, editor of *This World*, and assistant to Henry Catto when Catto was Ambassador to Great Britain and later when he was Director of the U.S. Information Agency. At the time of his death, Mike was Director of Policy Communications for Pfizer Inc., where he oversaw relations with the policy community.

His friends had rejoiced to see him make the happiest of marriages, which was blessed by the birth of a daughter, Grace Mary. In 1991, Mike had received a Meritorious Honor Award from the State Department, granted "with special recognition of the extraordinary quality of his writing." It is the extraordinary quality of the man that his wife, his family, and his many friends now mourn. —CATHERINE BARR WINDELS

## Robert J. Morris, RIP

FORTY-FIVE years ago Robert Morris was in the forefront of those waging the thankless battle against domestic Communism, and with his death on December 29 at the age of 82 America lost one of its doughtiest Cold Warriors.

From the so-called McCarthy Era to the beginning of the present decade, the dominant liberal view of domestic Communism held that there was virtually nothing to investigate: that the American Communist Party was a nuisance at most, and that practically all charges that specific individuals were Communists, let alone Soviet spies, were simply falsehoods invented by opportunistic politicians to ruin the reputations of honorable liberals.


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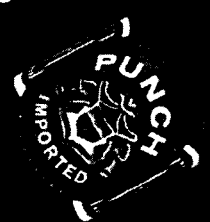

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It was in this atmosphere that Bob Morris took up the cudgels. After serving in naval intelligence during the war he became minority counsel to the Tydings committee, investigating the charges of Joseph McCarthy. Though a Republican, Morris so impressed Sen. Pat McCarran, Democratic chairman of the Judiciary Committee, that McCarran named him chief counsel of its Internal Security Subcommittee when that was formed in 1951.

It was in that role that Morris made his greatest contributions to the investigation of domestic Communism. He led the probe of the malodorous Institute of Pacific Relations, its magazine *Amerasia*, and Owen Lattimore, whom the Judiciary Committee labeled "a conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy." He exposed Canada's ambassador to the United Nations, Herbert Norman, as a longtime Communist. (Norman committed suicide in 1957 rather than face a fresh examination of his actions.) He disclosed the successful efforts of Harry Dexter White and other Communist agents in the Treasury Department in World War II to choke off gold shipments promised by this country to Nationalist China to support its currency. He revealed the iron grip of Communist Harry Bridges's Longshoremen's Union on the politics and economy of Hawaii. He exposed a secret white-collar cell of the Communist Party in New Orleans that boasted among its members the program director of New Orleans's leading TV station.

Morris was routinely demonized by the Left. Once, as his weary associate counsel in 1956–57, I asked him whether we were really accomplishing anything. He replied that the printed reports of the subcommittee investigations were filed in hundreds of official depositories of government records, where the historians of a better age would find and prize them.

In subsequent decades, as a teacher, writer, and political candidate, Morris never lost his concern for the Soviet threat—or the cherubic grin with which he greeted his many friends and presided over his loyal family: his devoted wife, Joan, and their seven children.

But it is only in recent years, with the release of intelligence files in Moscow and long-classified Signal Corps transcripts of radio transmissions from Soviet agents in this country, that attentive Americans have realized how perceptive, how right, and how courageous Bob Morris was. We now know that the American Communist Party was a well-financed and highly effective instrument of the Soviet Union, which succeeded in planting hundreds of Communist agents in our government. Happily Bob Morris lived to see the Evil Empire come crashing down.

—William A. Rusher

## *The Week in Verse*

Once more, we thought, they'd got him dead to rights;
The *President* contributors requites
With coffee, golf, or dinners *très intimes*,
And those whose money's held in most esteem
Stay overnight with *Bill*—so they can say
They got for supper quite a nice entrée.
Moreover, one among this moneyed gang,
A Chinese gentleman, the name of *Huang*,
It seems runs guns (and ammo) now and then
To those who brought the tanks to *Tiananmen*.
Though sad, no doubt, for people in that square,
They can't expect *America* to care.
Much more important, to the U.S. press,
Was that they'd got poor *Gingrich* to confess
He'd made mistakes interpreting tax law—
Which never happens down in *Arkansas*.
It's nice to see such vigilance in force
'Gainst one politicized collegiate course.
The opposition, too, for vengeance seeks
And preens itself, self-righteously, for weeks.
(Though *Clinton* sells his office for hard cash,
Condemning him still seems a little brash.)
Shame be to *Neumann*, *Klug*, and *Hostettler*,
*Morella*, *Campbell*, *Wolf*, and all who were
Prepared to sell out *Newt*, create a breach
In party ranks—shame most of all on *Leach*.
They don't mind loss, or even turning rats,
If they're more moral than the *Democrats*.

How much we loved our anti-*Newt* crusade,
Though thousands marched in *Seoul* and in *Belgrade*!
How little did such far-off broils us daunt—
And what of *Sino-Russian* rapprochement?
Were Christmas profits off? Some new sitcoms?
And did *Egyptians* send more letter bombs?
Don't bother us with all that foreign news—
We want to know the make of *O.J.*'s shoes.

—Juvenal

# *Notes & Asides*

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Linda

I thought my piece (Dec. 31) on moving away from our old quarters pretty well covered the question, but then I read the lovely piece Rick did for the *New York Observer*. You may want our readers to see it as well.

Dear Linda: Quite right. Herewith . . .

### Time to Recall Some Moving Experiences

Richard Brookhiser

NATIONAL REVIEW is leaving its offices on East 35th Street. Big deal? It is for a small magazine that has been in the same place for most of its 41 years. The old building is pre-war, though it is hard to say pre-which war. Sometimes the Spanish-American comes to mind. How to describe the offices? "Dickensian" leads the list of adjectives; "warren" the list of


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nouns. During my first years at *NR*, I worked in a cubicle that looked out on a grey air shaft. Every midsummer, for about an hour at noon, a beam of direct sunlight would reach the edge of my desk. The rest of the time I labored in a perpetual urban dusk.

The most famous dumbwaiter in America is the one Thomas Jefferson installed in Monticello. But we had one, too, connecting William F. Buckley Jr.'s office on the third floor with the office of Priscilla Buckley, his sister and managing editor, on the second. When writers on the second floor handed their copy to Priscilla, she would ring a bell and zip it up to Bill. Who needs e-mail?

Bill, in fact, has a passion for technology, and he went into cyberspace before most. *NR* had a lot of catching up to do. When I arrived in 1976, the typewriters were Royal Standards—peerless machines; you could throw them out a window and they would doggedly type on. Every other week, two of us would take the editorial copy to a plant in Connecticut that used Linotype machines, each as big as a car, with dozens of moving parts that clattered and shook each time the Linotypist stroked a key. Nowadays, all copy is set in-house, and everyone works much longer hours. Progress.

BUT even more than the things, it is the people and the articles that take a step further back into the past.

My office had been used by Whittaker Chambers when he wrote for *NR* in the late 1950s. He died long before I came. The only editor his age that I overlapped with was James Burnham, a former philosophy professor who had been Trotsky's major American disciple and then an early anti-Communist (the first of the neocons, if you like). His most influential book was *The Managerial Revolution*. Its depiction of a world divided among three totalitarian superpowers gave George Orwell the framework for *Nineteen Eighty Four*. His most disturbing book was *The Machiavellians: Defenders of Freedom*, which argued that idealism in politics is always a cheat, and that freedom emerges only as the byproduct of the contentions of elites. Around the office, his best-known work was a list of gnomic utterances, known as Burnham's Laws. "Everybody knows everything" was one of them, though I didn't know that. He was a courteous, reserved figure, and the most careful copy editor I ever had.

Joe Sobran and *NR* have parted ways, which is just as well because he could never have moved his possessions. He took me on my first visit to the Strand bookstore when I was a summer intern. Joe owned as many books as the Strand, but he kept them all in one room. He was the only person I ever knew who kept a complete Shakespeare on the dashboard of his car, probably to look up lines when traffic was light.

Priscilla Buckley was the only one among us with mainstream journalistic experience, having worked for United Press in Paris in the 1940s and '50s. UP lacked the money to send anyone to Indochina to cover the war there, and so it fell to Priscilla and her colleague Nicholas King. They made up for their remoteness by buying a fifty-year-old guidebook from a stall on the Seine, and shoveling in the *couleur locale* whenever they got a press release about a battle. The Associated Press had reporters on the spot, but since cable rates from Asia were so expensive, their dispatches were actually less detailed. Priscilla tethered us, graciously, to a printing schedule and other realities.

Best feature? D. Keith Mano's column of the 1970s and '80s, The Gimlet Eye. Keith reviewed the passing parade —psychics, jockeys, fire-walkers, phone sex, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, the canonization of Czar Nicholas II. He said his verbal inventiveness came from following an elaborate skein of self-imposed rules. If it would make me write that well, I would say so, too.

Best piece written in-house? Joe Sobran's review of Peter Singer's *Animal Liberation*, which he did in the voice of Don Marquis's archy the cockroach, who panned Mr. Singer because he ignored the liberation of insects.

Best line? When Joe brought three Catholic priests to post-closing drinks, and David Brooks (a Jew) turned to me (a Methodist) and said, "I haven't been with so many Catholics since lunch."

Best spectacle? Bill Buckley putting together the editorial section. I have seen five people do this. Bill was unique. He would spread out the pages of the candidate editorials, then hover over them, plucking out the survivors. It was like watching someone lay a mosaic at the speed of a hit-and-run. Arturo Toscanini probably worked that way. So did God.

At 35th Street, we hailed the election of Ronald Reagan. I was at work at 35th Street when Reagan was shot. And at 35th Street we wrote the editorials commenting on the most important event in the magazine's history, the collapse of Communism. In January of 1989, John O'Sullivan, WFB's successor as editor, had run a cover showing a sepia photograph of Lenin in a frame of smashed glass, with the headline, "The Coming Crack-Up of Communism." Two and a half years later, it cracked up, and we thanked Heaven for the deliverance.

We are moving only three blocks away, though it seems like cross-country. But happily we are not moving to Washington. And there I pick a bone with our fellow publications of the Right. *The American Spectator* moved to the Beltway some years ago, and *The Weekly Standard* was founded there. Those decisions strike me as madness.

Every magazine must know Washington intimately, and *NR* has three reporters there. But the guiding spirit, especially of a political magazine, should not be there. Washington is a feverish city—its preoccupations are intense, and unreal. A magazine must have the check and balance of geographic distance. This is more than New York patriotism. Anywhere else would prove a useful vantage. Bloomington, Ind. (the birthplace of *The American Spectator*), is fine.

But *NR* has its own problems. Can Bill Clinton govern? Where will I eat lunch?

On to the next 41 years. □

**—WFB**



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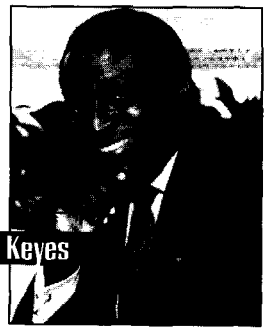
# They Came to Wisconsin Lutheran College

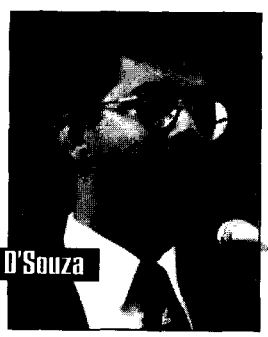
Dan Quayle


Alan Keyes

Starr Parker

Dan Quayle, Alan Keyes, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Michael Medved, Starr Parker & Dinesh D'Souza have all been featured speakers at Wisconsin Lutheran College.

Michael Medved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# CAPITAL SCENE

## Subterranean Lake

MARTIN SIEFF

Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

JUST call him "Dirty Tony." Like Detective Harry Callaghan in the "Dirty Harry" movies, Anthony Lake, national security advisor for the past four years and now President Clinton's nominee to be the next Director of Central Intelligence, rose high in his master's estimation by tackling any dirty, thankless job that came along, and doing surprisingly well at it. And that is the major source for his deceptive power.

This is not the popular perception of Mr. Lake. His critics prefer to characterize him as a "bleeding heart," and, superficially, they appear to have abundant reason to do so.

After all, Mr. Lake, 57, resigned in April 1970 as a special assistant to National Security Advisor Henry Kissinger in protest at the Nixon Administration's Cambodia policy. In the Carter Administration he was director of policy planning for Cyrus Vance—perhaps the most inept Secretary of State since the Hoover Administration—and he proudly presents himself as a neo-Wilsonian, committed to using America's power to do good works throughout the world. Nor is he a deep conceptual thinker on foreign-policy issues. Even the sympathetic *New Republic*, reviewing his 1984 book *Our Own Worst Enemy: The Unmaking of American Foreign Policy*, co-written with Leslie Gelb and I. M. Destler, described it as "a book that drifts along amiably without seriously challenging a single entrenched assumption."

Yet after four years as national security advisor, this supposedly vague, amiable fellow remains eager for the fray, keen to take on one of the most thankless tasks in any Democratic Administration for the next four years. Is he really—as Nancy Soderberg, his longtime loyal lieutenant as National Security Council staff director, described him—"a reluctant warrior" and "such a non-egotist"?

Indeed not. Mr. Lake's record over the last four years reveals a positive genius for bureaucratic maneuver, a love of power and the action at the heart of decision-making, and a quite unexpected taste for derring-do. In fact, so great is his largely unrecognized taste for the cloak-and-dagger life that it is likely to prove one of his most serious drawbacks if he wins control of America's secret world.

When the Dayton peace talks to end the four-year war in Bosnia looked as if they were falling apart, despite all of the charm and bullying Assistant Secretary of State Richard Holbrooke could muster, it was Mr. Lake whom President Clinton dispatched to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base to dangle the necessary carrots and sticks before Slobodan Milosevic, Franjo Tudjman, and Alija Izetbegovic to get them back in the deal.

When China's leaders were breathing fire at every American olive branch after President Clinton had thoughtlessly outraged them by allowing President Lee Teng-hui of Taiwan to pay a private visit to this country, unintentionally fueling Peking's paranoia that he was about to recognize Taiwan diplomatically, reassurances from Secretary of State Warren Christopher could not heal the breach. The Chinese knew perfectly well that Mr. Clinton overrode him whenever he felt like it. But when Mr. Lake flew to Peking with the President's reassurances, they believed him.

And when Haiti's thuggish generals dragged their feet about turning over power to the Clinton Administration's darling, Jean-Bertrand Aristide, none of Washington's clumsy threats of gunboat diplomacy could budge them. Mr. Clinton looked as if he were locked into a possibly bloody and politically ruinous military invasion. Until, that is, Mr. Lake flew to Port-au-Prince and talked the generals into stepping down to ensure their own comfortable survival. Once again, he got the job done.

Bespectacled, scholarly, personally kind, the gentlemanly Mr. Lake seems an unlikely candidate to have pulled off such deeds, especially as, judged by more familiar and conventional yardsticks, his four years as national security advisor have been less than stellar. For all his academic background, he has failed to initiate a single significant doctrine or impose any sort of pattern on the nation's foreign and national-security policies. Instead, judged by the yardstick of sustained influence on major issues, his National Security Council has been the weakest since—at least—the Eisenhower Administration. Even the revolving-door security advisors of the Reagan era—from the best (William Clark) to the most inept (Robert MacFarlane and John Poindexter)—exerted more clout.

*Yet in the inner circles of power, Mr. Lake's clout has been greater than that of anyone else around the President.*

Yet in the inner circles of power, Mr. Lake's clout has been greater than that of anyone else around the President.

How has he achieved this? Low-key

*Mr. Sieff is State Department correspondent for the* Washington Times.



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in public, he has steadfastly shunned television appearances and high-profile speeches whenever he could, while operating in a city where publicity is universally assumed to equal clout. He virtually had to be hauled kicking and screaming to any appearance on the Sunday talk-show circuit.

In the approved manner of the modern liberal Georgetownite, he has disdained detailed work on unfashionable bread-and-butter issues like bilateral relations with Russia or China to focus on the broad, effectively meaningless mantras of disarmament, ecology, women's rights, and other "global" issues—which in practice always break down into being subsets of our unfashionable old bilateral direct dealings with all the individual countries that make up the messy real world.

Nor has Mr. Lake said anything in his public utterances on issues that could come back to haunt him. Scholars such as Allen Weinstein nearly twenty years ago established for mainstream liberals the inescapability of Alger Hiss's guilt. But Mr. Lake will still venture no further than an "unproven" judgment—a public stance that says as little for his ability to read books and assess evidence as it does for his sense of political discretion.

But for all of this, his political star has continued to rise. For there are qualities other than good judgment, wisdom, and brain power that can assure success in modern Washington.

First, Mr. Lake has shown exceptional skill in personally managing his President. By a careful combination of deference and reassurance, he has kept Mr. Clinton's all-important "comfort level" high even as he has gently led him through the unfamiliar shoals of the foreign-policy world.

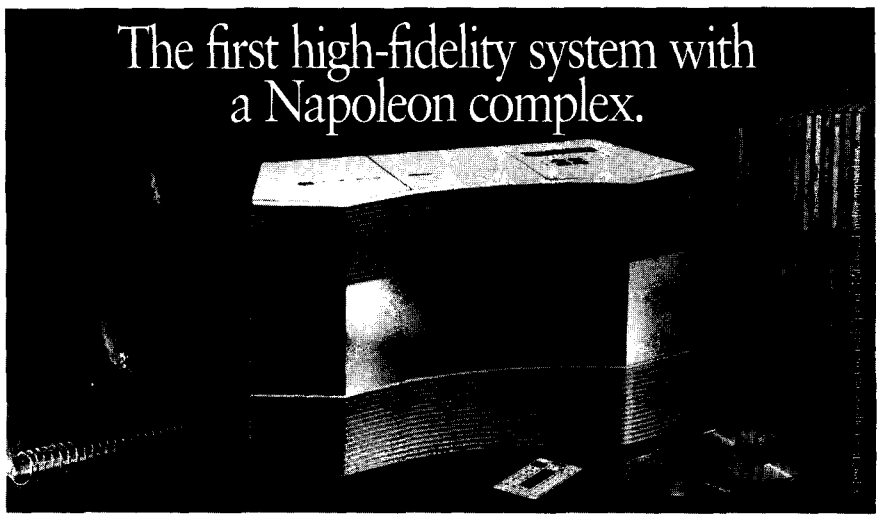
Second, he is a good "club man"—always careful to stay on the reservation of liberal Democratic prejudices and assumptions. This has evidently been easy, for, like all the best Machiavellians, Mr. Lake is an unconscious one, sincerely adhering to the pieties he mouths.

Third, and more disconcertingly, Mr. Lake has, in the past four years as throughout his career, shown a natural brilliance at political infighting and bureaucratic intrigue. He has repeatedly either got the better of, or fought to a draw, the similarly underestimated Mr. Christopher, whose thirty years of Cabinet or sub-Cabinet posts in every Democratic Administration since Lyndon Johnson's testify to his skills in that area. No one expects a kindly professor to be able to backstab well. Mr. Lake does not look like a Washington shark, which is a major reason he has always been such a successful one. But, like the Hungarian gentleman in the old joke, he has always proved to be the last man into the revolving door but the first one out.

Finally, Mr. Lake, unlike his recent predecessors at Langley, has an aversion to the limelight and a taste for subterfuge that would seem to draw him to the secret world as a moth to the flame. And it is this, ironically, which could prove his undoing. The Republican Senate leaders who will scrutinize him are particularly furious over his energetic efforts to arm Bosnian Muslims in 1994 even if that meant working with Iran to do it.

Mr. Lake's record and judgments on public issues raise serious doubts about his competence to run America's intelligence community. But it is the areas where he appears best fitted for the post that should give Republican senators even more cause for concern. He is loyal to his President, and, as the Bosnia–Iran incident shows, he has an established track record of being ready and willing to work behind the back of the CIA itself, not to mention Congress. If he is confirmed as Director of Central Intelligence, the dangerous practice of politicizing intelligence assessments, and probably even of raw intelligence summaries, is likely to accelerate. The $30-billion annual budget of the secret world will come under the control of a leader with a well-established taste and aptitude for secrecy, unaccountability, and intrigue.

In 1991, the Democrats who were then the masters of Congress gave Robert Gates a hard time over allegations that he had doctored raw intelligence assessments in order to please his political masters. The DCI is required to be the impartial judge and arbiter of incoming intelligence to protect the national security. If Mr. Lake becomes DCI, that means he will be trusted to assess incoming information even if it runs counter to policies he set or assessments he made during his years as national security advisor. Partly, no doubt, for this reason, no previous national security advisor has ever been made DCI. The Senate should think long and hard before changing that precedent. □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# BREAD & CIRCUSES

BEHIND closed doors, on the eve of the vote for the House Speakership, a frustrated and angry Newt Gingrich met with his Republican colleagues for the first time since the House ethics subcommittee had issued its findings and Gingrich had offered his apology. It was, by all accounts, a dramatic occasion—with comic highlights like the porter scene in *Macbeth* as well as the expected hand-to-hand combat between the Speaker and his critics. And although Gingrich won the handful of votes needed to survive, it was such "a near-run thing" that the press is gloating over the prospect of further GOP civil war.

The Speaker's problem as he faced his colleagues was that many members knew of the ethics controversy almost entirely from news accounts. Since these were flatly hostile—the *New York Times* is giving negative campaigning a good name—many Republicans were understandably nervous. The House leadership set out to persuade them by reasoned analysis that the charges were either groundless or trivial. Given that the major charge is that Gingrich used tax-exempt contributions to teach a partisan view of American history (i.e., not actually anti-American history), this is not a hard case to make.

But passions were running too high for this sober tone to be maintained. Many of Newt's supporters, outraged at the media's practice of treating Democratic felonies as misdemeanors and Republican misdemeanors as capital crimes, saw this as a crucial skirmish in America's culture wars. The media had discovered a parking-ticket—and triumphantly declared it to be a smoking parking-ticket. Any Republican who went along with this, in the eyes of loyalists, was playing the enemy's game.

Former fighter pilot Duke Cunningham spoke of his Vietnam comrades when battle demanded absolute loyalty. Iowa's Jim Nussle presented himself as Doubting Thomas whom Newt had persuaded by the evidence of his wounds. It was magnificent. But was it politics? Cooler heads restored perspective. When John Kasich argued that nothing less than America's culture was at stake, Henry Hyde advised him to "switch to decaf," going on to make a persuasive political case for backing the first Republican Speaker in forty years in the face of a frontal Democratic/media attack.

All this helped. But what finally swung enough votes was the unpopularity of Newt's critics. Just as antipathy to David Bonior and Democratic hypocrisy rallied the GOP to Gingrich, the lack of respect many members have for Gingrich's GOP detractors kept defections down. Tom Campbell of California was accuser-in-chief. He mounted a detailed critique of the Gingrich defense which, in the opinion of disapproving members, amounted to "accusing Newt of lying." This went down especially badly because members know that Gingrich went out of his way to help Campbell, a liberal, to win a special election in 1995.

Members similarly resent the sanctimony of Iowa's Jim Leach, invariably introduced in the media as one of the most ethical members of Congress.

But it is the opposition of Washington state's Linda Smith—hated for her populist posturing over campaign finance—that really helped. When she announced a press conference to oppose Gingrich, people wondered if the leadership hadn't privately encouraged her. One leadership aide said there might have been more defections, but "no one wanted to be in the Leach–Smith–Campbell–Morella caucus."

Even so, the outcome remained in doubt right down to the wire. In addition to the handful of members who had publicly refused to support Newt, there were a few others whose support was uncertain. Another handful could have given the Speakership to someone else.

Under House rules the Speaker must receive a majority of the votes of those members who vote for a candidate. Members who merely vote "present" are not counted in the total. So, as late as the morning of the vote, the GOP leadership began trying to persuade members who would not support the Speaker to vote "present" rather than for another candidate. Enough members complied to enable Gingrich to win with three votes to spare.

THIS victory, however, falls short of a personal endorsement. It was as much a determination that Democrats should not decide the Speakership of a House with a GOP majority. One member believes that wavering Republicans like Charles Canady and Joe Scarborough of Florida and Peter Hoekstra of Michigan voted for Gingrich precisely because it was unclear what would happen if he didn't win and "no member wanted to take responsibility for unraveling things on opening day." It might have been different if Virginia's Frank Wolf, who is held in high regard, had not remained quiet about his decision to vote "present." As one member pointed out, others might have followed his lead "if Wolf wasn't at the end of the alphabet."

Having re-elected Newt Gingrich as Speaker, Republicans now worry about his effectiveness over the months ahead. They know the Democrats will continue tormenting him. At the outset of the 104th Congress, triumphant Republicans felt indebted to Newt Gingrich for having led them out of the political wilderness. As the 105th Congress begins, chastened Republicans believe that he is now indebted to them for rescuing him from political oblivion. And it was conservatives—not GOP liberals or "moderates"—who provided the most public support. They now hope that the House leadership will fight as hard on behalf of a conservative agenda as they did on behalf of the Speaker.

And this will directly affect the Speaker's ability to play the ace up his sleeve: the same one he played to such effect in this crisis. Republicans rightly rallied to prevent David Bonior and Dan Rather from dictating who will lead the GOP Congress. They will do so again when Bonior and the media relaunch their anti-Gingrich *jihad*—provided they feel that they have a real political stake in his survival.

—KATE O'BEIRNE


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# ON THE SCENE

## Smugglers' Blues

ANTHONY DANIELS

Bonnie T. Gardner

BOGOTÁ

ON November 17, three Germans were apprehended at Medellín airport in Colombia as they tried to board a small plane bound for Venezuela. One of them, Brigitte Schoene, was released immediately: she was the wife of the chief executive in Colombia of BASF, the giant German chemical company, and she had been kidnapped three months before by the ELN (Ejercito de Liberacion Nacional), the Marxist guerrilla group led by a former priest, Manuel Pérez.

The identities of the other two, a man and a woman, were rather more difficult to establish. The man, it transpired, had 18 aliases and was carrying 6 different German passports, all issued officially and none of them forged. He turned out to be Werner Mauss, a former policeman and private detective turned secret agent whose photograph the German courts had forbidden newspapers in Germany to publish, to protect his identity on his secret missions.

*Dr. Daniels is the author of* Utopias Elsewhere.

His wife appeared in the Colombian newspapers under several names also—Isabel, Michaela, Silvia, Alexandra, and finally Ida—and she was said to have five nationalities. As soon as I saw photographs of her I was morally certain that the couple were deeply involved with the guerrillas. She wore that look of humorless conviction which one associates with the Ulrike Meinhofs of the world; besides, her small, round anarchist bomber's dark glasses, worn outdoors and in, were a dead giveaway.

When they were arrested, Mauss and his wife were trying to smuggle Frau Schoene out of the country, having paid a ransom reported to be in the region of $6 million, of which Mauss was to receive $1.5 million in commission plus $500,000 expenses. Intriguingly, neither BASF nor Herr Schoene himself had paid this money: BASF was negotiating with the guerrillas through a British company called Control Risks, which has an office in Bogotá, and was preparing to pay a ransom of $150,000 when Mauss appeared on the scene and bid the figure up.

But if neither the husband nor the husband's company paid this money, who did pay it? The answer seems to point to the German government, since the two passports held in false names by Frau Schoene at the time of her apprehension at Medellín airport were in an envelope signed by the German minister in charge of the secret service, Bernd Schmidbauer. Asked in the Bundestag about the legality of these proceedings, Schmidbauer replied, "Anyone can look for a hair in the soup."

The Mausses were clearly in close contact with the German government. A letter from the German embassy in Bogotá asked that the bearer of it—Mauss under one of his many aliases—be given all possible assistance in his work. When the story first broke, the German government said that Mauss was in Colombia on a "humanitarian mission" (i.e., to free Frau Schoene). Mauss was also known to the electrical giant Siemens, and was an intermediary—under a different alias, of course—between that company and the Colombian government in their dispute over payment for the Medellín subway system, which Siemens built with considerable delay.

Mauss was no stranger to Colombia at the time of his arrest. In the 1980s, he had helped the German company Mannesmann out of a few local difficulties as it tried to build a $750-million oil pipeline in Colombia. For example, the contract stipulated that only 10 per cent of the workforce could be German, but the company felt it needed more German workers to complete the task in hand. Mauss came up with a simple and elegant solution: bring in Germans and bribe the Colombian immigration authorities to turn a blind eye both to their entry and to their exit. He solved Mannesmann's problems with the Colombian customs agency in the same elegant fashion.

The ELN then kidnapped a German worker, and Mauss negotiated a very large ransom. The ELN had been at that stage nearly defeated, but the infusion of money gave it new life. Mauss then negotiated an agreement between the guerrillas and Mannesmann, according to which Mannesmann would pay large sums of money to the ELN, in return for which it would refrain from blowing up the pipeline. Since the Colombian army was not in a position to protect every yard of the pipeline, the agreement was also in the interests of the Colombian government. No doubt if Father Pérez is ever caught, he will be charged with tax evasion.

*The man, it transpired, had 18 aliases and was carrying 6 different German passports, all issued officially and none of them forged.*



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Mauss became a trusted intermediary of the ELN, and later negotiated the release of some Italians kidnapped by the guerrillas. His (and his wife's) meetings with the guerrilla leaders were filmed by the German *Spiegel Television*, capturing the historic moments for the viewers back home. The relations between the Mausses and the *comandantes* appeared warm and close—as well they might be, since both had a vested interest in bidding ransoms up, the ELN in order to keep the war going, and Mauss in order to maintain his houses in the Moselle valley, his residence in Panama, and his foundation in Liechtenstein. My guess, though, as I said, is that his wife is a true believer.

The ELN and Mauss were in close communication wherever Mauss may have been: they were linked by satellite, and could even see each other on computer screens. It seems that Mauss grew careless—and he was probably convinced that money plus his contacts with the Colombian government, including the Minister of the Interior, would extract him from any situation. But the Governor of Antioquia (the province of which Medellín is the capital), Alvaro Uribe Velez, is said to harbor presidential ambitions, and is using the case to increase his national standing. Certainly, too much of the whole business has now emerged into the open for it to be swept entirely under the carpet.

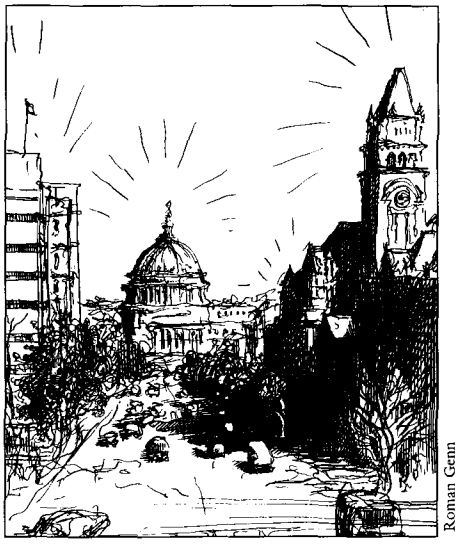
It is more than likely, though, that the German government will try to bribe the Colombian government into releasing the Mausses with promises of increased development aid (that is to say, special numbered accounts in Switzerland). The Mauss affair has been an embarrassment to the German government, even though it is not yet entirely clear who has been double-crossing whom.

Whatever the outcome, the Mausses' days as kidnap-ransomists seem numbered. They languish in a Colombian jail, awaiting their own ransomer. But whatever happens on that score, things will never be the same again, for now it is widely known that Werner Mauss's murky past includes being the last person to see a prominent German politician alive before he was found dead in the bath in a hotel in Switzerland (where Mauss was also staying), and complicity in an unsuccessful attempt in Algeria to assassinate the leader of the tiny and ridiculous Canary Islands independence movement, for which he is wanted by the Spanish authorities—which, of course, ordered the assassination in the first place.

Mauss claims also that he was responsible for the release of many—perhaps as many as 37—hostages in the Middle East, among them some of the Hezbollah. There may yet come to light terrorist organizations in other parts of the world whose financial health owes much to the activities of Werner and Ida Mauss. The policy of this intriguing couple—backed by the German government, wittingly or unwittingly—has been not philanthropy and 5 per cent, but revolution and 50 per cent. □

# State Hoods

MATTHEW SCULLY



Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

EACH morning, we who live in and around Washington reach for our newspaper and confront an ongoing challenge: to make sense of local affairs in the District of Columbia. Twenty-two years ago D.C. got a Home Rule Charter from Congress granting partial "self-determination" under a mayor and city council. The years since have brought on scenes of chaos, corruption, misery, and melodrama unrivaled in American politics, all entirely self-determined. Usually, just when you think you understand what's happening in D.C., the gods scatter the puzzle and you have to start all over. But lately events seem to be falling into some kind of comprehensible order.

Here for example are some recent developments that Districtologists are busy trying to sort out:

At D.C.'s public schools, the number of violent crimes has reached an average of two a day—a doubling just since this time last year. A radio reporter, covering a double knifing at one school, was bloodied by a gang. At another school, a reporter for the *Washington Times* was hit and shoved out the front door by a mob of students and staff—led by the principal herself. A federal prosecutor is looking into it.

A newly released study, meanwhile, found that D.C. schools once again lead the nation in per-student costs ($9,000), but once again claim the lowest SAT scores and highest drop-out, (43 per cent). Responding to the crisis, the D.C. Control Board, charged with ordering the city's finances, has seized control of the public schools, sacking the superintendent and stripping the elected board of education of its powers. Examiners for the Control Board found extensive fraud in the schools, evidence of destroyed records, "school lunch" money going to phantom employees, and shady contracts with food dealers. Among surviving teacher performance records, the board found that 99 per cent of school employees had earned ratings of "outstanding," "very good," or "satisfactory." The Control Board vows reform. The school board and teachers unions are suing and vow to return.

At City Hall, a new building purchased by the city three years ago for $143 million, Mayor Marion Barry has pledged fiscal austerity to meet D.C.'s current $87-million shortfall. He called upon the city council to cut welfare spending by 3 per cent. The council passed the plan, which now goes to the Control Board. If approved, according to reports, these stern measures will put D.C. in line for an extra million dollars a month from the Federal Government—above and beyond what the city already gets in cash subsidies ($700 million) and aid ($1.3 billion).

Back at the Control Board, examiners have studied a contract between D.C. and Mayor Barry's friend and fundraiser, the boxing promoter Rock Newman.

*Mr. Scully, formerly* NR*'s literary editor, is a writer in Arlington, Va.*



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For a mere $13 million, Rock was going to handle some improvements at the city's sewage-treatment center. The Board has found another bidder to do it for a few million less.

Over at Lorton prison, a drug and prostitution ring has been found operating in the chapel. Prison officials say that for years suppliers were waved through the gate as "religious volunteers," in line with rules imposed by federal courts that took over Lorton on account of mismanagement. At the city jail, a guard has told a grand jury about an "auction" of female inmates among prison staff. And Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg had her purse snatched.

All fairly normal events for D.C., except that suddenly we have this Control Board basically seizing power from the city's elected leadership. The board was created by Congress a year and a half ago when D.C. was headed for financial ruin. Mayor Barry always gets the blame for D.C.'s troubles, but in his defense, when things really began to fall apart, in 1991 and 1992, he was far away on a well-documented leave of absence from government. Under Mayor Sharon Pratt Kelly and her chief economic advisor, a hire from the Dukakis staff, the city was running deficits of almost $300 million, groveling for subsidy hikes, borrowing to pay off existing debt, raising taxes, and so driving off still more people in D.C.'s exodus into the suburbs. And then there was the small matter of about $4 billion in unfunded pension liabilities.

Mayor Kelly's response was to wait until the inevitable federal bailout. Like Barry before and after her, she refused to deal with the public unions, especially the teachers' unions, 10,000 strong, who in turn refused to part with any of their basic and unalienable rights. (For example, if you call in sick two days and work late the other three, that's "overtime" in the District.)

What she didn't count on was the election of a Republican Congress and of Barry again as mayor—now "a new man" after his stretch in Lorton. The two events converged into a temporary repossession of D.C. by Congress. By statute the Control Board will expire on the day the city passes its fourth consecutive balanced budget. But in practice it's becoming a Self-Control Board holding the city's government in check. A takeover of the police department appears imminent.

The unions say it's unfair, undemocratic, paternalistic, an assault on "self-determination" for the District. But the funny thing is, the five Control Board members, all unpaid and unelected—appointed by President Clinton in what was felt by D.C. Democrats as a betrayal of home rule—are now the most popular folks in town. Chairman Andrew F. Brimmer, a business executive and ex-member of the Federal Reserve, is a serious, distinguished-looking man of 70, the kind of guy who in a well-ordered universe would be mayor. Joyce Ladner, another member, seems your basic smart, tough, and idealistic parent frustrated with the system.

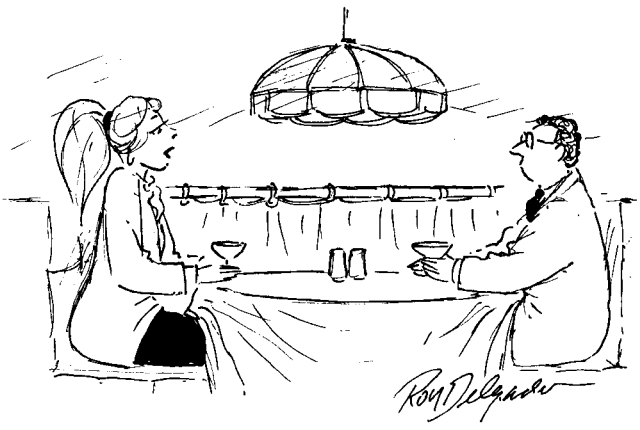
The fellow they put in command of the schools, a 70-year-old retired Army lieutenant general named Julius W. Becton Jr., is the most impressive of all. A veteran of three wars, he launched his tenure with this advice for the teachers' union: "Those of you who are working and competent have nothing to worry about. If you're incompetent and not carrying your load, I suggest that you find employment elsewhere." He followed up the other day by firing 11 employees in the school finance office, even ordering that new locks be put on their office doors.

When the Board announced its takeover of the schools, the church was lined with police officers in case of unrest (a nice remnant of old Washington—most public meetings are held in churches). But there was only applause, some amens, and excited talk of what the Board might seize next. From Georgetown to Anacostia, the feeling seems to be please, oh Board, deliver us from our elected leaders. Even the news coverage of late has an excited post-coup ring to it. A recent headline in the *Washington Post*, long a voice for D.C. statehood, could have come from Santiago circa 1973: "Applause for Takeover Echoes Across the City."

*At D.C.'s public schools, the number of violent crimes has reached an average of two a day—a doubling just since this time last year.*

The takeover found Mayor Barry and entourage in China on an "economic development mission." As the board moves in, he has become a make-work mayor and roving emissary for the District, cultivating excellent relations abroad and something like an *entente cordiale* with the Virgin Islands. But there's some accounting to be done here, too. The *Washington Post* endorsed Barry the first three times he ran, praising him the second time for "his political instincts and talent that give him his particular feeling for the city and its many constituencies." And of course had the paper's statehood cause come to pass, the dream of "Columbia," there would be no Control Board, no reform, and the Mayor would today be Governor Barry, Columbian kingpin.

Statehood for D.C.—never mind the Founders' whole idea of a federal city—was all along the cause of liberals who either don't live in the District or inhabit its more comfortable regions, and for whom the idea held abstract appeal, and the local political types who do live there and believe they would make fine senators and congressmen. All everybody else ever wanted was to live in decent and safe neighborhoods paying bearable tax rates. A few more takeovers, and for the first time in 22 years those people will be running their own city. □

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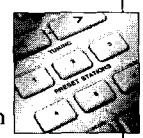

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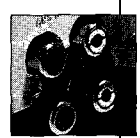

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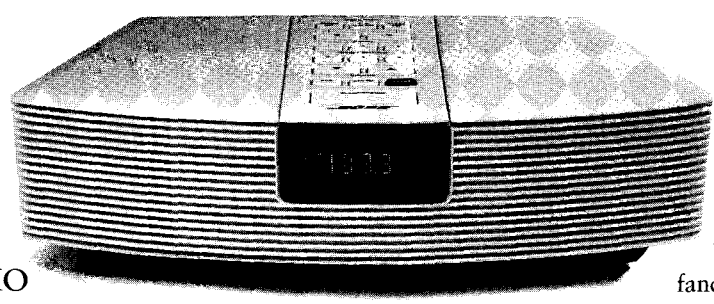

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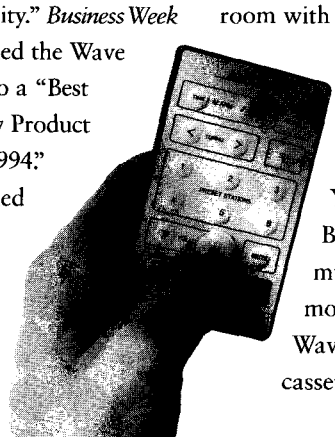

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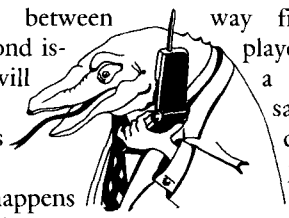
# GEKKO

FOR macro players, as they call those who bet on the relative performance of global markets, last year was the year of the "convergence trade." The convergence trade means making a bet that interest rates in different countries—or between higher- and lower-rated bond issuers here at home—will come closer together.



The convergence trade is a byproduct of happy times for investors. It happens when, little by little, people stop charging a risk premium for their money. Things have been good, the reasoning goes, so things will always be getting better. The neat trick about the convergence trade is that, as every self-important money manager will tell you, "*You get paid to wait.*" What the mini-Soros means is that he has bought a riskier asset such as, say, Italian bonds and has sold short the less risky asset, such as German bonds of the same maturity. Since the interest you earn on the risky asset is greater than the interest you must pay on the less risky asset, you earn income on the spread while you are waiting for your capital gain to come in. You are, indeed, paid to wait.

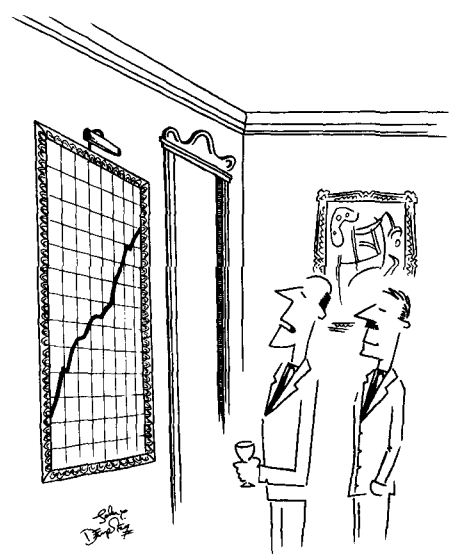
Let's say you, like many conservatives, think that perfection can't be achieved in this world, and that risk doesn't go away just because the perception of risk does. Then you would appreciate the rationale for a divergence trade, buying the less risky asset and selling short the more risky one. The problem is that instead of being paid while you wait, you are tortured while you wait. You must pay out the "negative carry" while waiting for your capital gain to come in. Most people don't have the fortitude, or maybe the spare cash, to do this. That is why the convergence trade, a form of irrational exuberance, goes on for so long.

I think 1997 will be the year of the divergence trade. Riskier borrowers will have to pay more to get money, and the investors in those bonds will lose relative to investors in less risky bonds.

It's not that I like painful things. I was pro the Canadian, Italian, Swedish- and Danish bond convergence trades this past year. But times change. Jim Bianco, of Arbor Trading, looks on the convergence trade in domestic securities —that means buying junk bonds—as a way fixed-income investors have played the stock market. "There is a very close correlation," he says, "between the stock indices and the spread between junk bonds and Treasuries. When stocks go up, the spreads go down."

■ One group that doesn't have to be told that pain is part of the investing game is gold and gold-stock investors. In the first week of the new year, the gold price dropped more than ten dollars an ounce, and gold stocks dropped even faster.

What's left as a way to play the precious-metals market? I think there's a pretty good bet in the platinum/gold spread. Usually, the price of platinum hovers at least $20–$30 dollars above the gold price, but in recent weeks the the white metal touched the price of the yellow one.



*"Have you ever seen anything more beautiful? It's called 'Dow Jones Up Ninety.'"*

Historically, when platinum has gotten down to those levels relative to gold, speculative interest tends to carry it back up fairly quickly. There are also good fundamental reasons to be (relatively) bullish on platinum, and the other platinum-group metals, in particular palladium.

Prices for the PGMs, as they're called in the trade, have been depressed in part by sales out of indeterminately large Russian stockpiles. Sales from those stockpiles have been one of the ways the Russian government has been making up for its citizens' unwillingness to pay taxes to a collection of grafters and criminals. According to an audit committee of the Russian parliament, sales of precious metals last year were five times what had been budgeted. At some point, probably in the months, the Russians will have only their current production to sell, and the world deficit between production and demand will lead to a significant increase in price. Demand from the automakers for PGMs for catalytic converters will continue to grow as Europe and the developing world follow the U.S. in cutting engine emissions.

So if you've decided to take your financial life in your hands by going into the commodities markets, sell gold and buy platinum or palladium.

■ It's not often that I like a stock with a price/earnings ratio in the 20s, but you might do worse than to take a look at Sotheby's International Holdings. The price moved up from $12–$13 to $18–$19 over the past year, as the Bass family moved in on a 10 per cent–plus stake in the publicly traded shares, presumably with the good wishes of Al Taubman, the controlling shareholder.

Taubman has made money on his stake, but despite his protests last year, it might be time for him to sell out—at a price. At least in the mid 20s. He probably did all that he could to instill a businesslike attitude among the employees of the auction house. But that is truly an uphill battle with that crowd. Anyway, the art auctions last fall showed that that market was coming back to life, if not the preferred irrational exuberance. Now Sotheby's is well positioned to be bought by either a luxury goods company or a foreigner with social aspirations. The Basses aren't in there for their health. Oh, Henry Kravis is on the board, but don't expect a bid from KKR.

—JOHN DIZARD



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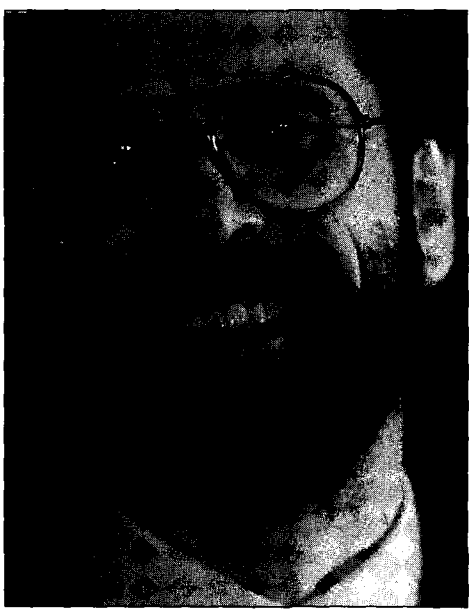
# The Lying

*A former terrorist describes his life in the IRA, and looks at the current peace negotiations through the prism of what he learned in his old life.*

SEAN O'CALLAGHAN

I WAS born in 1954 in Tralee, County Kerry, in the Irish Republic. It was and still is an area with a strong republican tradition. After the treaty and the formation of the Irish Free State in 1922 the IRA and the new Free State Army fought a bitter civil war. That war was conducted with great savagery in Kerry. Less than three miles from my parents' house, eight IRA prisoners were blown to pieces by government forces in an officially sanctioned reprisal for the earlier IRA murder of a Free State Army officer.



Civil war bitterness was still very much alive in parts of Kerry in the 1950s. My father's side of the family was steeped in that tradition. He and his brother, active IRA men, were interned without trial in the Curragh military camp in the early 1940s. My father, several aunts, and other family members have remained lifelong activists and supporters of the republican movement. That was the tradition and the family background into which I was born.

We were an ordinary working class family. We stood out in no regard other than that my father was a member of a small, essentially secret organization which still harbored dreams of a 32-county republic. They believed that such a republic would only come about by armed force. Occasionally I came across guns, and once explosives, hidden in the house. Sometimes there were meetings in the house or in my grandmother's. We were always sent somewhere else when anything of that nature was taking place but we had at least a vague idea that something exciting or dangerous was happening. We knew that nothing of this was ever to be repeated to our friends.

Like the great mass of Irish people I was educated in my early years at school by nuns and Christian Brothers. The Brothers had a fierce nationalist ethos. They saw themselves as the moral guardians of nationalist Ireland. It was a world of Gaelic games, the Irish language, and endless songs and stories about noble Irish patriots and treacherous English. The treachery of the English was at the root of all of Ireland's ills.

The 1916 rebellion was celebrated with great gusto in 1966, when I was 12 years old. RTE [Radio Telefís Eireann] television indulged in an orgy of adulation. Schools had special screenings of films on the rising. We played mock games of Irish versus the British. I always wanted to be James Connolly, the republican socialist executed by the British after the surrender of the rebels. Less than two years after these celebrations the civil-rights movement in Northern Ireland burst onto our television screens. In reality we understood little about the issues, but our sympathies were firmly with the Catholics in Northern Ireland. When sectarian violence broke out in Belfast in 1969 there was a huge outpouring of emotion in the Republic. Soon Catholic refugees were being billeted in local houses, church property, and the army barracks.

The IRA split, and the Provisional IRA was formed: an event which I now regard as the greatest tragedy in modern Irish history. That was not how I felt at the time, of course. I was 15 years old in 1970 and could not wait to enlist. My political views were certainly to the left of the leadership of the Provisional movement. Some of the overt militarism, bordering on fascism, did worry me. I saw the Provisionals as rather like a popular front which would sweep away partition and the British presence. We would then have a realignment of the Left in Irish politics. After that it was full steam down the road to the socialist republic. There you

*Mr. O'Callaghan was the head of the IRA's southern command, an informer for the Irish and British Security Services, and a double murderer. Until his release last month, he was serving life imprisonment in a special unit. This article is reprinted with permission from* The Guardian. ©The Guardian, *1996.*



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have the sum total of the political literacy of a 15-year-old would-be Irish revolutionary.

Like most others of my age in the Republic I knew nothing of Protestants or unionists other than that they were known as the Ascendancy. They stole the land from the Catholics and persecuted them. The Protestant working class in Northern Ireland were simply dupes of the unionist ruling classes and the British government. Our naïveté and ignorance was incredible. We would throw the British out and then the poor stupid prods would see the error of their ways and join us in a new utopian Ireland. In truth we gave little or no consideration to the question of what to do with Protestants. We were ready to fight against the British just like our forefathers. This time we would finish the business. British rule in Ireland would end for all time.

*Our naïveté and ignorance was incredible. We gave little or no consideration to the question of what to do with Protestants. We were ready to fight against the British just like our forefathers.*

I joined the IRA in Tralee. My family background was such that I had little difficulty in joining—it was positively expected. It was not long before young IRA recruits in Northern Ireland were coming to Kerry for training in the use of weapons and explosives. Even though I was very young I found myself actively involved in this part of IRA activity. Needless to say, school appeared pretty boring by comparison and I soon lost interest in it.

The IRA recruits from Northern Ireland were in the main ordinary young men such as you would find in any British city, town, or rural area. They wore the same clothes, listened to the same music, and followed the same soccer clubs. They were more likely to spend their time arguing about the merits of Manchester United or Liverpool than politics. That came later, after exposure to the Provisional ideologues in Long Kesh and other prisons.

They saw their duty as protecting their areas—Catholic ghettos in Belfast and Derry—from attack by Protestants. The Provisional IRA was forged out of inter-communal sectarian warfare. The vast majority of the recruits had no coherent political outlook. They mainly despised politics. Youthful fascination with guns and bombs and a desire to get even with prods: that was their motivation. Ill-educated, ill-equipped, they were easy meat for the simple answer. The hard leadership of the Provisional IRA, mainly older men who had waited all their lives for the opportunity, gave them the guns and told them the Brits and unionists were to blame for all their problems.

The IRA gave these young men a sense of belonging, status in their community, and a purpose, a cause to believe in and to fight and die for. These were young men without much hope of employment who had seen their communities devastated in sectarian attacks. Now that they were hitting back their pride and dignity was restored. It would be utterly wrong to see these young men universally as lurid, evil psychopaths. That they carried out the most awful acts of violence is beyond question. But the real blame lies with their leadership: the old republican/nationalists who instilled discipline, obedience, and a reverence for republican structures and traditions that allowed young men to kill even former friends for minor transgressions of the republican code.

On April 20, 1972, I was preparing bomb equipment for a training camp due to begin within days. In the shed where I had been working seconds before, there was a major explosion. I escaped from the blast with just a few cuts and minor bruises but I was arrested and charged with possession of explosives. While I was on remand in Limerick prison the Dublin government introduced the non-jury special criminal court which sentenced me to six months. That was the sort of sentence IRA prisoners could expect in those days: there was still a lot of sympathy in the Republic. The British Embassy had been burned down in Dublin following Bloody Sunday in Derry.

When I was released I settled back into the same routine. One IRA meeting in Kerry in that period sticks in my mind. It was attended by a Dominican priest who came from Northern Ireland. There were perhaps thirty people present. The priest told us that British soldiers were raping Catholic women in Belfast. I did not really believe him, reasoning that if such activity was common the huge media circus then covering Northern Ireland could not miss it. Such pep talks hyped up the hate and allowed people to excuse the most awful atrocities committed by their own side.

In June 1973 I was sent to Donegal to work in an IRA bomb factory. The idea was for me to get experience and then train others so that more such factories could be set up further south. Like most IRA schemes in those days it never quite came to full fruition. I was soon back in Kerry but this time I was working for IRA General Headquarters Staff, running a training camp. Many IRA men who later became well-known figures passed through that camp. Some are dead, others are in jail, others, I suppose, have long since left the IRA.

IN May 1974 I was sent to the Mid Ulster Brigade of the IRA. On May 2, along with up to forty IRA men from the East Tyrone Brigade, I took part in an attack on an army/UDR [Ulster Defense Regiment] base at the Deanery in Clogher, County Tyrone. There was a heavy gun battle which lasted up to twenty minutes before we withdrew. We made our way to safe houses over the border in Monaghan. It was not until we listened to the early morning radio news that we heard that a UDR Greenfinch named Eva Martin had been killed. It would be wrong to say that any of us were disappointed at the news.

I stayed in Tyrone until August of 1975. During that period I took part in about seventy attacks, mainly against members of the security forces. In one of those attacks, I along with two others murdered a detective inspector in the RUC [Royal Ulster Constabulary] special branch called Peter Flanagan. We shot him dead in a public house in Omagh, County Tyrone. The two people who carried out this murder with me were both younger than me. Both were from Belfast. The driver was little more than a young girl. The other was 17 years old and had escaped from



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youth custody in Belfast while charged with murdering a soldier. He was arrested in 1975 and charged with attempted murder. He was sentenced to life imprisonment and is still in custody today. He was transferred to Northern Ireland and will probably be released in the next year or so. He has never been charged with the murder which he committed with me.

BY the time that I murdered Flanagan doubts were already forming in my mind about the real nature of the Provisional IRA. IRA volunteers in Tyrone were on the whole far more sectarian than I was or ever could be. Their Catholicism was of a virulent and hate-filled brand. It is, in retrospect, hard to see how it could have been otherwise. Militant Irish nationalism and Irish Catholicism have a deep and complex relationship, nowhere more so than in rural areas of Northern Ireland like Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Armagh.

During this period I was involved in recruiting new IRA volunteers. One of our main safe houses was a parochial house outside Omagh. Sometimes we used that house to initiate new members. Imagine the effect on a young uneducated country lad brought to his parochial house under cover of darkness to be inducted into the IRA. Try telling him that the Church was not on his side. One of the local priests usually called on another house in that area where I and other IRA men often stayed. He took great delight in asking us to relate our latest escapades. He was also forever passing on information about local Protestants: usually members or ex-members of the UDR or RUC. At least one of these was later murdered by the Provisional IRA.

This was, in reality, a war against Protestants. There was a deep, ugly hatred, centuries old, behind all of this. The prods had the better farms, the better jobs that belonged by right to the Catholics, and they wanted them. If I wanted to attack a British army patrol or barracks, the local Provos wanted to shoot a part-time UDR or police reservist. They wanted to murder their neighbors. They wanted to drive the Protestants off the land and reclaim what they believed was their birthright. Gradually the reality was getting through to me. This was no romantic struggle against British imperialism but a squalid sectarian war directed against the Protestant people of Northern Ireland.

In March or April of 1975, I was in a flat in Monaghan town. The flat was a base for IRA men from the East Tyrone Brigade. That evening there were perhaps eight people, all full-time IRA activists, all on the run from Northern Ireland. I was making tea when a news item on the television about the death of an RUC woman in a bomb explosion was greeted with, "I hope she's pregnant and we get two for the price of one."

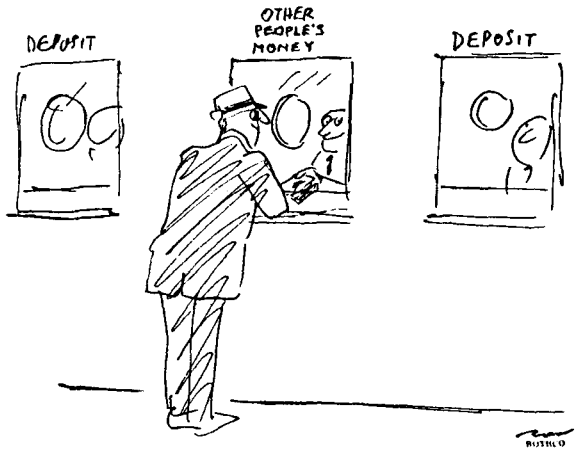
I felt utterly sickened and revolted. More so even when I realized who had spoken—a Tyrone man who was second in command of the Provisional IRA and a man I held in the highest regard; a man to whom I had thought seriously about addressing my doubts and fears. I went to another room where I just wanted to cry my eyes out. That man later became the chief of staff of the Provisional IRA. He was chief of staff when the present peace process began. Small wonder that I have serious doubts about the Provisional IRA's commitment to peace.

Shortly afterward I went home to Tralee and resigned quietly from the IRA. I just cited personal reasons. People probably thought I was just tired and needed a break. I was not yet 21. Shortly after, I went to London where I started an office and industrial cleaning business and got married. I kept in touch with events in Ireland and wondered what to do, if anything, about what I had been involved in.

THE hatred of informers is burned so deep in the Irish nationalist psyche as to be almost incomprehensible to people not from that tradition. Informers had always betrayed the Irish. Whenever the Irish plotted a rebellion, the English had an informer to warn them. In my family the postman was regarded as a potential police informer. The fear, hatred, and loathing is impossible to explain. Yet that is what I decided to become, and I am glad I did.

My wife and I moved to Ireland in 1979 and I quickly rejoined the IRA. As soon as I had done so I contacted a detective whom I knew to be efficient, tight-mouthed, and opposed politically and morally to the Provisional IRA. I worked with him for six years. It was a time of often frantic activity for me and there were few areas of Sinn Fein or IRA activity that I did not gain access to in those years.

We had many successes against the IRA in that period. Some I can mention now, others have to wait for another day. My work brought me into contact with almost every IRA department and most republican leaders. We broke up and captured IRA training camps, foiled many IRA operations. One was a plot to kill the Prince and Princess of Wales at a charity concert in the Dominion Theatre in the West End of London during the British general election in 1983. It was also intended that I should plant 16 small bombs on beaches. This was based on a similar type of operation carried out by the Basque separatist group ETA on Spanish beaches.




The plot to murder the prince and princess was intended as retaliation for the deaths of the hunger strikers of 1981. I was to place a bomb containing roughly twenty pounds of frangex in the toilet at the rear of the royal box. I went into the theater and knew the plan was feasible. Buried behind tiles and equipped with a 32-day delay timer it would have killed or injured anybody in the immediate area. The Garda officer that I worked with came secretly to Liverpool to see me. We devised a plan which we hoped would foil



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the attacks and allow me to avoid IRA suspicion and continue to work against them.

A couple of evenings later Scotland Yard called a late night news conference. Knowing that it was to take place I left England and went to France the day before. Commander William Hucklesby, then in charge of the anti-terrorist squad, named me and said that I was part of an IRA team ready to kill a prominent politician in the run-up to the election.

In such a manner the attack was averted and I was able to return to Ireland, reputation enhanced, having escaped the clutches of the enemy. There was so much activity in that period that I can only give a general account here. Another event should serve to give some idea of the damage done to the IRA in this period. In 1984 the Provisional IRA invested a lot of time and money in America. They conspired with a gang of drug smugglers, pimps, and loan sharks from the Boston area to assemble a large quantity of weapons and smuggle them to Ireland. They spent about $2 million putting the shipment of some seven tons of arms, ammunition and explosives together. In September a trawler called the *Valhalla* sailed from the Boston area heading for Ireland. On board, along with some of the Boston gang, was a former U.S. Marine and now IRA volunteer.

Waiting for the *Valhalla* off the Kerry coast in an area known as the porcupine bank was a smaller Kerry-based trawler called the *Marita Ann*. I kept the Garda informed of every detail about the operation. After the weapons were loaded onto the *Marita Ann*, an operation mostly overseen by an RAF Nimrod, it headed for the Kerry coast. It was ambushed by an Irish navy frigate with Garda officers on board. All the weapons were recovered, and the crew captured. On board was one of the most senior men in the IRA. Also there was the Marine, who had come with the *Valhalla*. Its crew were later arrested in America, along with other members of the gang who had conspired to gather the weapons.

I WAS particularly pleased to have played a major part in foiling such a dangerous IRA plot. Irish-American romantic views of Ireland have contributed greatly to the Provisional IRA's capacity to murder. I was glad that this time their bloody and ill-considered plans had come to nothing.

By 1985 I was responsible for the IRA in the south of Ireland. That meant that I was a member of the IRA's GHQ staff, the grouping that runs the IRA on a daily basis. This brought me into daily contact with many of the IRA leadership. I was familiar with most aspects of IRA activity, finance, engineering, training, and the England department in particular. I also met the chief of staff almost weekly. He was the man from County Tyrone who had hoped the dead policewoman was pregnant.

I was also a member of the Sinn Fein national executive. That brought me into regular contact with people such as Gerry Adams, Martin McGuinness, and Pat Doherty. It is interesting now to recall my impressions of those national executive meetings and the personalities so prominent in the present peace process. Everybody knew nothing of any real importance would be decided at those meetings. Sinn Fein is not like normal democratic parties. The decisions that matter are taken elsewhere, by the IRA army council.

What struck me most of all was the degree of control exercised at those meetings by Adams and McGuinness. The level of political debate was very poor. Imagine a group of student Trots addicted to romantic nationalism and the whole thing glued together by the most awful elitism. I sometimes wondered what the reaction of Labour MPs and supporters in Britain—who seemed to see the Provisionals as akin to the ANC—would have been to the awful drivel that passed for political debate among the republican leadership behind closed doors.

Early in 1981, my wife and I separated. We remained good friends and divorced amicably in 1987. In late 1981 I met and fell in love with an English woman who lived in Kerry. Our daughter was born in June 1985, one week after I was elected as a Sinn Fein local councilor in Tralee. Later that year it became obvious that I was being viewed with a certain amount of suspicion by some local republicans. I took a backward step but realized that sooner rather than later I was going to have to answer some very difficult questions: my girlfriend also. Being English was not going to help her.

I decided that it was time to move. We left Ireland in November of that year and stayed in England over Christmas. I was introduced by the Metropolitan police to MI-5 in London in January, and moved at their request to Holland. My girlfriend and daughter joined me a couple of weeks later. I met the MI-5 for regular debriefing sessions until September 1986, and we returned to England in November of that year.

Two years later I walked into Tunbridge Wells police station in Kent and admitted my involvement in the two murders committed in Northern Ireland in 1974. Two RUC officers came to the station the next day and I returned to Northern Ireland with them that evening.

My reasons for giving myself up were fairly straightforward. I wanted to give evidence against the IRA leadership in both Northern Ireland and the Irish Republic. I had no doubt that had I been allowed to I could have crippled the IRA's capacity to murder people. It quickly became apparent to me, if not to the RUC officers dealing with the case, that I was never going to be allowed to give evidence. I can only speculate as to the reasons. In May 1990 I pleaded guilty at Belfast Crown Court to the two murders and sixty or so related terrorist attacks which I had carried out in Tyrone in 1974–75. I was sentenced to life imprisonment plus five hundred or so years in total. I am now in Maghaberry prison in Northern Ireland where I am held in a special unit set aside for people at serious risk from paramilitary organizations. I am not allowed to write or speak publicly in any detail about this, or indeed about my time in prison in general. Were I to do so it is possible that I would not be allowed to write publicly again while in prison.

I now spend my time writing, which is what I have always wanted to do. While working against the IRA it was not possible for me to say or write what I wanted to or read the books I wanted to read—that was a hard part of it, spending all my time in the company of people I either dis-



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liked or loathed. I am working on some poetry, some short stories, and a novel, which I hope will shed some light on the real nature of extreme Irish nationalism. I am also working on a book about my time in the IRA.

For now, I am frightened about the peace process, about where it is taking us. I spend my time explaining to people prepared to listen just what it is that the Provisional IRA are up to. Provisionalism is nothing more than extreme nationalism, an ugly creation that will not be appeased. The real target is Irish nationalism, north and south of the border. I remember the days when the Provisional leadership seriously discussed killing John Hume [leader of the Social Democratic and Labour Party], regarding him and the SDLP as the only thing stopping their domination of Northern nationalists.

They are a little more sophisticated now. They will kill him instead with kindness and soft words of ceasefire and compromises. They intend to poison Irish nationalism until no compromise with unionists is possible. They want to be the conscience of Irish nationalism, forcing nationalists to move further to the extreme to keep the nationalist consensus alive. People in Britain would do well to remember these words: far from being a democratic socialist organization, the Provisionals are a collection of extreme nationalists, neo-Stalinists, and thinly disguised fascists. What holds them together is hatred of the British and unionists.

Gerry Adams's concept of a pan-nationalist front is the most dangerous strategy ever devised by the Provisionals and has within it the potential for violence on a scale at least as bad as anything that has gone before. We are far from peace and far away from any solution to the problems of Northern Ireland.

Instead of moving forward we are moving back into tribalism. The Provisionals have no intention of compromising with unionists. They see the problem as the unionist problem. They want to use a nationalist alliance to force the British government to abandon unionists. Then they can be dealt with. I wish I could be confident about the future, but I have sat behind too many closed doors with too many of the present leadership to be fooled by the smooth presentation.

I would like to finish by paying tribute to Conor Cruise O'Brien. When I found myself questioning my deeply held beliefs in the mid 1970s, I did not have the intellectual capacity to formulate my thoughts clearly. His speeches and his writings were giving form to my questions. Without his unknowing help I could never have pulled myself away from the fundamentalist slime. He is also surely the bravest intellectual in the history of the Irish Republic. Agree or disagree with him, his courage can surely not be questioned.

Today I am neither nationalist nor unionist. They are essentially tribal terms and I want no part of tribalism. I am concerned that people should be allowed to make their choices free from fear and aggression. Therefore I am for peace and against pan-nationalism. □


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FIRST THINGS, SECOND THOUGHTS

# Con Job

## *Theocons* v. *Neocons? Strauss* v. *Aquinas? Catholics* v. *Jews? Or* The New Republic v. *reality?*

RAMESH PONNURU

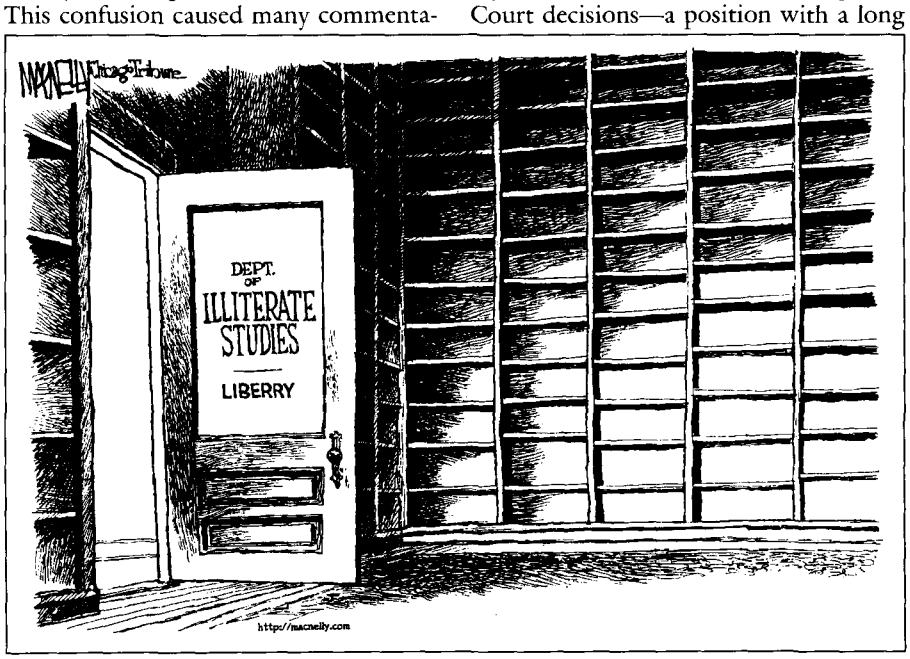
TO live as a religious believer in the terrestrial city is necessarily to experience divided loyalties. Short of the Kingdom of God, complete justice can never reign, and all temporal allegiances must be provisional. The modern American social order is sufficiently benevolent that we are usually only dimly aware of this tension. For the editors and contributors to a symposium in *First Things*, an increasingly influential conservative journal on religion and public life, however, recent judicial decisions have put the issue in stark relief.

The November symposium was entitled "The End of Democracy?: The Judicial Usurpation of Politics." The symposiasts—Robert Bork, Russell Hittinger, Hadley Arkes, Charles W. Colson, and Robert P. George—condemned recent judicial activism, particularly regarding abortion, euthanasia, and homosexuality, as both procedurally undemocratic and substantively immoral or unjust. Hittinger, a professor at the University of Tulsa, argued that these decisions not only "deny protection to the weak and vulnerable" and "systematically remove the legal and political ability of the people to redress the situation," but raise the invidious principles to the level of "essential features of the constitutional order." Further, the Supreme Court has set itself against religious believers by nullifying laws allegedly motivated by religion or even the belief that "there is an ethic and a morality which transcend human invention" (Justice Antony Kennedy's words in *Romer* v. *Evans*).

While most conservative analyses of the courts stop at or before this point, *FT* also discussed possible responses to this "usurpation." What troubled most of those who have since commented on the symposium was the editors' introductory statement that we may "have reached or are reaching the point where conscientious citizens can no longer give moral assent to the existing regime." The very legitimacy of the "regime," they argued, was in question, and those conscientious citizens might eventually—perhaps soon—have to consider civil disobedience or even "morally justified revolution." This use of the word "regime" was confusing: some critics took "regime" to mean something illegitimate by definition, like "junta." Further, did illegitimacy attach to the Federal Government itself, as some paramilitary groups suggest, or merely to the practice of judicial rule? This confusion caused many commentators to miss the conditionality of the editors' position: that "we are witnessing the end of democracy" and will have to consider lawbreaking *if* the courts are not restrained, by themselves or others.

Of the symposiasts, only Colson went as far as (if not further than) *FT*'s editors. Writing that "a showdown between church and state"—for which believers should prepare but not hope—"may be inevitable," Colson surveyed the key Christian texts on the limits of political obligation, including Martin Luther King Jr.'s *Letter from a Birmingham Jail*. His conclusion: "I have begun to believe that . . . we are fast approaching [the] point" at which "a believer must resist" the government. Such resistance would, in the first instance, take the form of *persuasion*. "Through her teaching and preaching office, the Church would need to expose the nature of the state's rebellion against God—in effect, bringing the state under the transcendent judgment of God." If that failed, active disobedience would become necessary. The next step would be revolution, but "this point, I believe, we have not yet reached." Unless that point is reached, religious conservatives must "work relentlessly within the democratic process," and discussions of resistance should remain academic.

The others offered less drastic suggestions. Bork repeated his recent call for a constitutional amendment to allow the Congress to review court decisions by a majority vote or to eliminate the courts' power of constitutional review. He also suggested that elected officials not comply with unconstitutional Supreme Court decisions—a position with a long




*Mr. Ponnuru is* NR*'s national reporter.*



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history in American politics. Hittinger urged conservatives to treat issues like abortion as part of a "broader constitutional crisis" and, like Bork, advocated legislative remedies. If these measures did not work, he thought non-violent civil disobedience, presumably on the model of the civil-rights movement, would become necessary.

Arkes, a professor at Amherst College and longtime *NR* contributor, offered no prescriptions. His distinct contribution was to focus attention on the implicit threat of the new judicial activism to people of orthodox faith, who he believes could find themselves excluded from the academy and the professions as the principle behind *Romer*—that traditional moral views on homosexuality are tantamount to bigotry—unfolds to the limits of its logic. Lastly, George, a professor of politics at Princeton University, labeled the current situation a "crisis" and "a failure of American democracy." He called for "conscientious objection," as when physicians in U.S. military hospitals refuse to perform abortions. He concludes that citizens must ask "whether our regime is becoming the democratic 'tyrant state' about which [the Pope] warns."

THE reaction to the symposium was as sharp as it was swift. Leading neoconservatives Gertrude Himmelfarb, Walter Berns, and Peter Berger resigned their affiliations with *FT*. Bork wrote a letter disavowing any doubts about "the legitimacy of the entire American 'regime'" (his article used the term "illegitimacy" only in connection with the Court's usurpations). *NR* ["First Things First," Nov. 11] also editorially criticized the suggestion that the regime was illegitimate. Norman Podhoretz, among others, detected in the symposium a whiff of the anti-American radicalism that had made the New Left so noisome in the Sixties. In the *Weekly Standard*, David Brooks relayed many of these charges and added two more: 1) that the symposiasts' fealty to abstract principle cut against the Oakeshottian "Temper" he took to be essential to conservatism, and 2) that their pessimism was neither warranted nor likely to serve conservatism's political prospects.

In her resignation letter, Miss Himmelfarb had issued her own tactical warning: *FT*'s "irresponsible" conduct would make it easier to portray "any attempt by conservatives to introduce moral and religious considerations into 'the public square'" as dangerous. Liberals promptly sank to the challenge. Garry Wills, attentive to nuance as ever, claimed in a *New York Times* op-ed that the symposiasts "made arguments indistinguishable from those advanced by the militias." (Evidently Mr. Wills knows militias that cite classical philosophers and papal encyclicals and worry more about assisted suicide than gun control.) It was probably inevitable that some journalist would take the caricature a step further.

*Heilbrunn's article is perhaps best seen as the second installment of the 'sellout of the neoconservative Jews' thesis.*

Which brings us to Jacob Heilbrunn. According to "Neocon *v.* Theocon," his cover story in *The New Republic*, *FT* brought into the open "a full-fledged war between two leading groups of conservative intellectuals." In one corner are "the mostly Jewish neoconservatives," followers of political theorist Leo Strauss, who believe that "America was founded on an idea—a commitment to the rights of man embodied in the Declaration of Independence." The "theocons," on the other hand, are

> mostly Catholic intellectuals who are attempting to construct a Christian theory of politics that directly threatens the entire neoconservative philosophy. This attempt, in the eyes of at least some of the neocons, also directly threatens Jews. . . . The theocons, too, argue that America is rooted in an idea, but they believe that idea is Christianity. In their view, the United States is first and foremost a Christian nation, governed ultimately by natural law.

Heilbrunn describes the theocons as "Thomists, would-be prophets of a new Age of Aquinas." Their "founding father" is the theologian Germain Grisez, their public face that of Alan Keyes.

Heilbrunn's *New Republic* article is directed not so much against the "theocons" as against the neocons. Michael Lind, Heilbrunn's sometime collaborator, has cast crafty neoconservative Jews as having opportunistically ascended to the intellectual leadership of a conservative movement whose rank-and-file is made up of anti-Semitic evangelical Christians. Heilbrunn's article is perhaps best seen as the second installment of this "sellout of the neoconservative Jews" thesis: now they've opportunistically allied themselves with even craftier anti-Semitic Catholics.

It's a well-constructed story line: gripping, coherent—and entirely fictional. The *First Things* symposiasts included two Catholics (Hittinger and George), true, but also two Protestants (Bork and Colson), and one Jew (Arkes). Heilbrunn doesn't mention that Bork is not a Catholic, but takes note of "his staunchly Catholic wife." (George's staunchly Jewish wife doesn't make an appearance.) The editors responsible for the introduction to the symposium included one Catholic (editor-in-chief Fr. Richard John Neuhaus), one Lutheran (editor James Nuechterlein), and one Jew (managing editor Matthew Berke).

A more central flaw in Heilbrunn's


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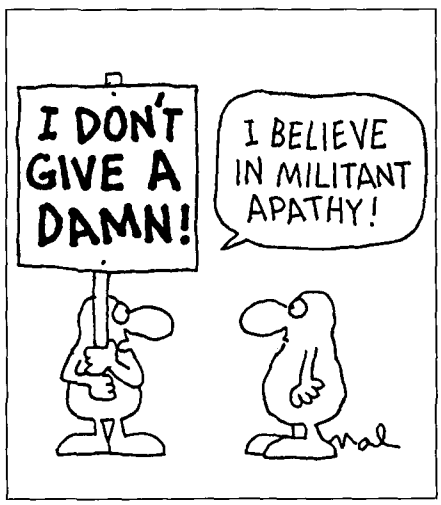
story is his utter (and at times laughable) incomprehension of Thomist natural-law theory, which is a branch of philosophy and not of theology. Indeed, it reminds me of the classic academic putdown to empty arguments: "That's not right; it's not even wrong."

ADHERENTS of natural law believe that moral truths can be discovered through reason alone. As Prof. George puts it, "What people like me are arguing is that the standard of public policy should be what reason can understand. So a view should stand or fall based on its reasonableness. Biblical tradition can be the carrier of wisdom on matters like same-sex marriage, as can the Talmud. But we don't appeal to the authority of the Bible or of the Catholic Church in making our case. We appeal to principles of rationality that are available to all people." So, for instance, when George and John Finnis of Oxford University testified in *Romer*—an incident Heilbrunn records—not once did they invoke the Bible or any authority other than reason itself; their reasoning was available to, and arguable by, non-believers. Indeed, natural law's Protestant critics have disparaged it precisely for its reliance on human reason in matters of moral consequence. If Thomism were merely a stalking horse for a "Christian nation," then people like David Novak—a rabbi who is also a natural-law theorist, student of Grisez, and member of *FT*'s editorial board—shouldn't exist.

Similarly, Heilbrunn's account of the conservative "battle over the identity of the American nation" doesn't even rise to the level of being wrong. If there is a distinctively conservative theory of American nationhood, it isn't any sort of "idea nation" thesis, let alone a "Christian nation" idea, but rather the culturalist view of nationhood adumbrated by *NR* and in particular by John O'Sullivan (a Catholic, for those keeping score). Heilbrunn provides no evidence for his claim that the "Christian nation" thesis is central to "American Catholic conservatism," because there isn't any. Perhaps R. J. Rushdoony or John Lofton believes in religious tests for office, but no prominent mainstream conservative intellectual does. *NR*'s David Klinghoffer, in some of his writings, seems to endorse the view that divine law should sometimes be imposed on non-believers; I can't think of a contemporary conservative Christian intellectual who agrees. Fr. Neuhaus and Prof. George both subscribe to the "neoconservative" view that the principles of the Declaration of Independence constitute American nationhood. It is Heilbrunn who can't make up his mind about the Declaration. Judge Bork and the theocons are damned for rejecting it, Alan Keyes for embracing it too closely. (It does, after all, speak of people being "endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights.")

The attempt to cast Germain Grisez as the *éminence grisez* of the Catholic conspiracy against democracy is singularly inappropriate, since Grisez isn't primarily a political theorist and indeed did not hear of the *FT* symposium until after publication. Moreover, Grisez, George, and Finnis (who believe moral truths can be derived from self-evident first premises) are heterodox among Thomists (most of whom think moral truth can be derived from human nature). Prof. Hittinger wrote an entire book, *A Critique of the New Natural Law Theory*, rebutting Grisez.

And Fr. Neuhaus belongs to neither camp. As one might expect of a convert from Lutheranism, he's drawn more to Augustine than to Aquinas. Meanwhile, Alan Keyes, the supposed champion of the Catholics who are supposedly at odds with Jewish Straussian neocons, *is* a Straussian—and one who devoted a pre-primary speech in New Hampshire to blasting the idea of a "Christian nation." Finally, Norman Podhoretz—who is surely a neocon if the term means anything any more—is no Straussian. Heilbrunn's map of the Right just doesn't do justice to the intellectual geography he tries to cover. It's rather like those early maps of Africa that, though topographically unreliable, confidently declared: "There be lions here."




Heilbrunn's journalistic malpractice extends to his use of quotation and paraphrase. He describes Miss Himmelfarb's letter as having "warned that Catholics threatened to undermine the very thing they claimed to want, the ordering of American society according to Judaeo-Christian ethics." In fact, her letter said *nothing* about Catholics; Heilbrunn was putting words in her mouth to make it seem that she accepted his Jews-*v.*-Catholics framework. He deploys his shoddiest tactic, however, on Prof. George. In his *FT* essay, George wrote that the "doctrine of the necessary conformity of civil law to moral truth long predates the rise of modern democracy. It is present in both Plato and Aristotle, and was given careful, systematic expression by St. Thomas Aquinas. It has been a central feature of the tradition of papal social teaching." George's reference to Plato and Aristotle is inconvenient to Heilbrunn's argument that Catholic "theocons" are trying to impose their religious views on the nation. So he simply uses ellipses to eliminate it. (In his article, the second sentence of the passage reads, "It . . . was given careful" etc.) Heilbrunn also chooses not to quote George's comment a few paragraphs later: "These are no mere sectarian teachings. Belief that laws and the regimes that make and enforce them must be evaluated by reference to universal standards of justice is shared by people of different faiths and of no particular faith."

Heilbrunn's cascading confusions would matter little (except to those whose views he distorted) were they not coupled with astonishingly reckless charges. Take the claim, quoted above, that the so-called "theocon" enterprise "in the eyes of at least some of the neocons, also directly threatens Jews." No on-the-record or even off-the-record quotes are provided for that incendiary remark; nor is any argument for the plausibility of the underlying claim.

Toward the end of his article Heilbrunn casually slanders Thomists, about whom he demonstrably knows nothing, as "not so much anti-American as un-American." Insinuations of Catholic disloyalty to America, reckless charges of Catholic anti-Semitism, slanderous portrayals of Catholic elites plotting to build a theocracy: Heilbrunn traffics in the most clichéd forms of anti-Catholic bigotry. Perhaps he should have entitled his article *Protocols of the Elders of Rome*.

Presumably almost all conservatives,



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and other people of good will, will reject *TNR*'s attempt to drive a wedge between Catholics and Jews. But that is not to deny that the *FT* controversy has revealed real intra-conservative divisions. One of these divisions has less to do with Leo Strauss or Thomas Aquinas than with Thomas Hobbes, the early modern theorist of absolute sovereignty. The Hobbesian streak among conservative critics of the symposium was most evident in *NR*'s editorial, which argued, "Our general obligation to obey the laws rests upon the fact that the laws protect us (against our fellow man), not upon the ultimate justice of the government's founding, still less (fortunately) upon its general moral character." Whatever else might be said of this view, it does seem at the very least in tension with the principles and spirit of the American Revolution, in particular with the principle of majority consent.

But the influence of Hobbesianism can also be detected in the insistence of many conservatives that the "legitimacy" of a political status quo should not be the subject of sustained public argument. To be sure, not every proposition is worth discussing. But once one has been raised, to say that it should not be discussed is self-defeating. More importantly, as *FT* has noted, the Supreme Court has itself raised the question of the legitimacy of the law. As Notre Dame Law Professor Gerard Bradley observes in his brilliant essay "Shall We Ratify the New Constitution?" recent Supreme Court decisions (most notably *Casey* and *Lee*) can reasonably be construed as asking the American people "to ratify and thereby legitimate" a constitution of the Court's devising. In that light, the *First Things* symposium was simply a resounding, "No!"

The editors' reference to Nazi Germany—which outraged many of the critics—is a dicier issue. Quoting the papal encyclical *Evangelium Vitae* on the general point that a law's binding force on the conscience depends on its morality, they noted that the footnotes in the encyclical refer to earlier papal statements that specifically condemned Nazi crimes. The editors add, "America is not and, please God, will never become Nazi Germany, but it is only blind hubris that denies it can happen here and, in peculiarly American ways, may be happening here." The passage, in other words, was intended as an antidote to an uncritical version of American exceptionalism that denies the possibility that human rights could ever be tyrannically violated here. Whether or not the argument was tactfully made, it ought to be openly debatable.

For many of the neoconservative critics of the symposium, the anti-American rhetoric of the 1960s was a formative, and traumatic, political experience. But the parallel is weak, the result of analyzing arguments formally rather than materially. Quips Bradley, "Except for the hair, Hadley Arkes doesn't have much in common with Abbie Hoffman. Nor is Jerry Rubin the same as Dietrich Bonhoeffer." Or as Fr. Neuhaus puts it, "There is nothing so elementary as that there are criteria for just and unjust government. It astonishes me that people think that we came up with something new or something retrieved from the ash heap of the Sixties."

A very mild anti-American strain does indeed exist on the Right—think of the number of conservatives who interpreted President Clinton's re-election as a verdict on the intellect or morality of the American public—but conservatives remain more likely to make the opposite mistake of uncritically embracing populism. I'll get worried about anti-Americanism on the Right when I see Neuhaus burning a flag.

If anything, the symposium could be faulted for laying insufficient stress on the *permanent* nature of the tension between the demands of God and those of Caesar. Putting the symposium in such a context would have raised the needed alarms without being alarmist. It might then have reminded conservatives that liberty requires eternal vigilance—without apocalyptic rhetoric.

Meanwhile, if the Right is repeating an error of the late Sixties Left, perhaps it's factionalism: a tendency for intellectuals to get caught up in theoretical disputes while ignoring points of concordance that have far more practical relevance. Almost all conservatives agree that the federal judiciary has needlessly and destructively intervened in the nation's social and moral controversies (most recently when it blocked implementation of the California Civil Rights Initiative). Almost all conservatives agree that it's important to address the problem. If this debate concentrates the conservative mind on a program to rein in the courts and a strategy to advance that program—if it makes efforts to curtail judicial review respectable—all conservatives would have reason to cheer. Some conservatives may balk at delegitimizing the courts, but an aggressive campaign to *demystify* them is long overdue. Justice Scalia's recent dissents offer a model of how to do this.

*First Things* may also have performed another public service. After more than 16 years of sitting in the back of the Republican bus, social conservatives are getting restive. Already, important players like Gary Bauer and Phyllis Schlafly are taking shots at Ralph Reed's accommodationism and moving into Pat Buchanan's orbit—which is to say, out of their alliance with the rest of the Right. Something good will have come of this debate if conservative intellectuals are awakened to grassroots discontent with the party's handling of moral issues, most importantly abortion. If the conservative coalition is to be kept together, that sentiment is going to have to be responsibly accommodated. □

# IQ and PC

***Publishers have become more concerned with their reputations than with disseminating the truth.***

KEVIN LAMB

ONE hallmark of modern civil society is its commitment to a free exchange of ideas and viewpoints. Scholars often depend upon unfettered access to colleagues' research. The suppression of peer-reviewed material not only restricts the dissemination of scientific findings, but also jeopardizes the academic tradition of free inquiry. Such constraints on open debate threaten the autonomy of free institutions.



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Reputable publishers serve as gatekeepers by determining which manuscripts are worthy of publication. The decision to publish a manuscript involves several factors: the author's credibility, the validity of the specific work in question, the book's likely marketability and profitability, and so on. Another critical factor, however, can be the pressure of political correctness. Publishers, fearful of losing access to distributors and wholesalers—and, through them, to the indispensable booksellers—are reluctant to issue books that challenge the prevailing orthodoxy of social taboos. This places politically correct constraints on what major houses consider "safe" to publish.

One leading publisher of academic titles, for instance, no longer even considers studies that examine racial differences in IQ, even though the American Psychological Association issued a task-force report last year that accepts the reality of these differences. This distinguished panel of experts concluded:

> The differential between the mean intelligence test scores of Blacks and Whites (about one standard deviation, although it may be diminishing) does not result from any obvious biases in test construction and administration, nor does it simply reflect differences in socioeconomic status. Explanations based on factors of caste and culture may be appropriate, but so far have little direct empirical support. There is certainly no such support for a genetic interpretation. At present, no one knows what causes this differential.

Last July, John Wiley & Sons declined to publish Arthur R. Jensen's latest work, *The* g *Factor*, after reviewing it for ten months. Jensen's eight-hundred-page tome provides detailed evidence for a general level of intelligence, or *g*, as it was called by Charles Spearman, the pioneering British psychologist. Two of the book's fourteen chapters consider possible genetic and environmental explanations for racial differences in IQ. Even though the book received favorable reviews from independent referees, including one who stated that it could be the definitive study on general intelligence for years to come, and though it was supported by the publisher's psychology editor, Jensen received a brief letter simply stating that Wiley had decided to reject *The* g *Factor*.

When asked why Wiley decided not to publish Prof. Jensen's book, Susan Spilka, Wiley's Manager of Corporate Communications, replied, "I have no idea and we'll probably never know. Chances are it wasn't a quality factor." Furthermore, Miss Spilka noted that the rejection of Prof. Jensen's book was a "very deliberate decision" since Wiley does "not want to publish in this field."

These views merely confirm the suspicions that scholars had last spring when, in an unprecedented move, Wiley retracted another work on general intelligence *after* review copies and pre-paid backorders had already been distributed. Wiley dropped Christopher Brand's *The* g *Factor: General Intelligence and Its Implications*, two days before its official publication date. Brand, a lecturer in psychology at the University of Edinburgh, examines the significance of general mental ability, the degree to which it is inherited, and the reasons why society must recognize the reality of innate individual differences. What exactly prompted Wiley to try to suppress a book that was already available in British bookstores and has been acquired by several academic libraries?

In a newspaper interview just before the book's release, Brand rejected the idea that environmental explanations alone can fully account for racial differences in IQ. Defying the conventional wisdom, he stated that these differences are "deep-seated" and probably genetic in origin. He also suggested that in order to curb high rates of illegitimacy

*Mr. Lamb is a library assistant at* Newsweek.

# Professor Jensen's Opus

ARTHUR Jensen had been cheerfully recounting his problems in getting *The* g *Factor* published when finally I burst out, "Art, doesn't it ever make you angry?" Even if he wasn't, I was.

*The* g *Factor* is a book that an academic publisher should kill for. Arthur Jensen is among the pre-eminent psychometricians of the last half-century. At age 73, he has completed his summa. It is a book that every scholar working in the area will have to read. An indispensable reference in every psychology library. A book to hold up to young scholars as an example of why a lifetime of patient and meticulous scholarship is worth while.

*Mr. Murray is co-author, with the late Richard Herrnstein, of* The Bell Curve.

But none of the great university publishing houses Jensen approached would touch it. Wiley—once a good house if not the most prestigious—backed away from it.

It is hard for me to imagine what the senior people at these houses are thinking. The satisfaction they take from their job is—surely—to bring the rare work of great scholarship to the world. Jensen's book is the real McCoy. Is it possible they don't recognize that? I suppose they could be scared. But scared of what, precisely? A cutting remark at a Cambridge cocktail party? Nothing much worse than that will happen to the publisher of *The* g *Factor*. The remaining possibility is the truly depressing one. The people who make the publishing decisions are refusing to publish Jensen not because they are scared, but because they think refusing is the right thing to do. They see themselves not as deliverers of great scholarship to the world, but as gatekeepers for the politically correct.

So instead of publishing *The* g *Factor*, the academic houses will fuss over their lists of earnest books about trivial topics, pretentious books about silly topics, and book by the crits and the deconstructionists signifying nothing but high-IQ drivel. Damn right I'm angry.

Is Jensen angry? A sweet and gentle man, he seems incapable of anything more hostile than a sort of scholarly bemusement. "What good does it do to get angry?" he says. "I'd just like to get the darned thing out. I'm working on some other things and it would really be helpful if I could cite it."

If you fear that the world of scholarship is collapsing, take heart that an Arthur Jensen is still out there. And shudder in horror at the way he has been treated.

—CHARLES MURRAY



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among the underclass, black teens should refrain from casual sexual encounters, and he argued that when it comes to relationships, intelligence is an important trait that one should value in others. In a long and candid interview, Brand denied that he was a "racist," but added that it his views could be described as those of a "scientific racist."

The next day Wiley issued a press release stating that it had decided to abandon their publishing arrangement with Brand. Susan Spilka noted that in the light of Brand's offhand remarks one could easily misconstrue certain aspects of his book. But when asked to identify the specific passages in question Miss Spilka replied, "I'd prefer not to get into details on that. Wiley is not comfortable with being the publisher." She added that Wiley believes the book deserves to be published—but by someone else.

Many scholars regard Brand's work as an insightful summary of current studies on intelligence. Brand reviews the evidence for *g* in a broad philosophical context, explaining abstruse concepts, like speed of mental measurement, in practical terms. He explains why the results of certain experiments support the concept of general intelligence, scrutinizes popular criticisms of IQ tests, and recommends utilizing IQ research as a way of improving educational policies.

Moreover, Brand considers whether or not rising IQ scores reflect actual increases in general intelligence. Some researchers like James R. Flynn, a political philosopher at the University of Otago in New Zealand, attribute this rise to improvements in nutrition and the quality of the home environment. As *Newsweek* reported last May, Flynn and others believe that the 15-point black–white gap in IQ scores may be narrowing. The explanation of the actual cause of this 15-point differential remains one of the most sought-after things in IQ research.

Wiley's treatment of Brand and Jensen has set off a storm of criticism within the scientific community. A whole range of scholars have criticized Wiley's actions, including Flynn; Thomas J. Bouchard, professor of Psychology at the University of Minnesota; and Cambridge University psychologist Nicholas J. Mackintosh. The National Association of Scholars has issued a joint statement with Canada's Society for Academic Freedom and Scholarship, noting that this "seriously impedes the free flow of ideas, chills the academic climate, and encourages efforts to suppress opinions of every stripe." In Brand's case, even some who disagree with his views, such as the principal of Edinburgh University, Sir Stewart Sutherland, believe that Wiley should have honored its publishing agreement.

ARE the Jensen and Brand incidents merely isolated cases, or are they part of an emerging pattern of rejections of controversial manuscripts under peculiar circumstances?

Michael Levin, professor of philosophy at City College of New York and the author of two published books, experienced similar difficulties with his controversial manuscript *Why Race Matters: Race Differences and Their Implications*. An exhaustive critique of egalitarianism, *Why Race Matters* probes the social consequences of race differences in meticulous detail. Dozens of publishers have rejected this manuscript, including several academic houses that initially seemed interested. (Praeger has now agreed to publish Levin's book later this year.)

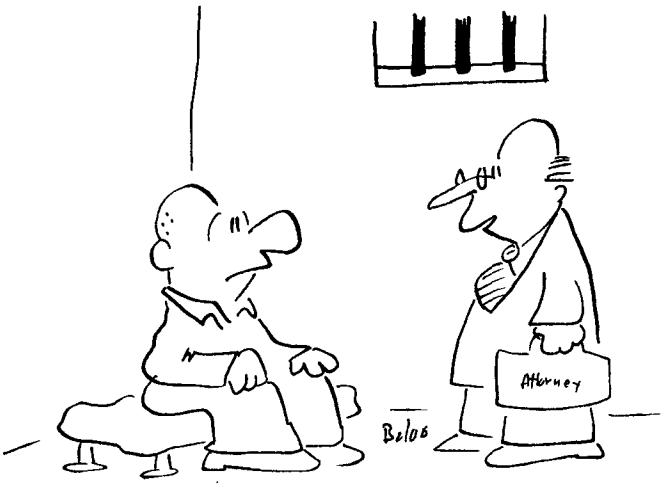
One of the editors to whom Levin sent his manuscript was at the University of Oklahoma Press. The editor seemed enthusiastic about publishing it and, following customary academic-publishing practice, sent it to two independent referees. Months passed before the editor finally notified Levin that a third referee would have to review his work. When the editor started failing to return Prof. Levin's calls, it became clear that after 15 months the press was unwilling to publish his book. As it turns out, two out of the three reviews were favorable.

*Why would a publisher let a book go out of print when it was still selling strongly? Once Jensen considered legal action, The Free Press made the book available again.*

"I had a very interesting definite no from Yale University Press," Levin recalls. "My agent sent them the first chapter and, amazingly, they asked to see the rest of the manuscript. So I sent the rest of the manuscript, and I got it back before I got the little postcard saying, 'We've received your manuscript.' They read three sentences and all had heart failure and immediately put the radioactive thing back in the mail before it could contaminate the office."

*Fortune* columnist Daniel Seligman encountered similar problems in his efforts to publish his 1992 book, *A Question of Intelligence*. The book was acquired by Whittle Communications and then canceled late in the editing process. Christopher Whittle, who was initially enthusiastic enough to give Seligman a sizable advance, canceled publication, apparently to avoid any controversy that could have adversely affected his investments in educational reform. Seligman walked away with both Whittle's advance and his initial manuscript, which Birch Lane Press published in 1992.

J. Philippe Rushton, a former Guggenheim fellow and now professor of psychology at the University of Western Ontario, is the author of nearly two hundred published research papers and six books.




*"What you need to do is bypass the court, and throw yourself on the mercy of the press."*



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Rushton contends that human differences resulting from evolutionary factors can explain diverse patterns of human behavior. His work stems from data analysis involving dozens of variables that shows consistent global patterns of racial differences in physical and behavioral traits. Rushton submitted the results of one study, which showed average racial differences in head size, to *Behavioral Brain Research*, a prestigious journal in the neurosciences. Rushton's study passed the peer-review process and several levels of editing. However, the publisher, Holland's Elsevier Science, intervened and pulled the paper in the final proof stages. The intervention by a publisher in the affairs of an academic journal, overriding the judgment of the journal's editor as well as independent referees, is extremely uncommon.

Rushton's most recent book, *Race, Evolution, and Behavior*, expands upon his controversial theory of racial differences. Before Transaction decided to publish it, Rushton ran into difficulties with Cambridge University Press. He had a signed contract with CUP, but when the editors saw the emphasis the manuscript placed on race, they kept Rushton dangling for many months, and then canceled the contract. Moreover, after Transaction published the book, Canadian customs officials blocked its entry into Canada for nine months on the grounds that it constituted "hate literature."

Shortly after Arthur Jensen's seminal work *Bias in Mental Testing* was published, Jensen was asked by the editor of The Free Press to write another book covering the same material in layman's terms. *Straight Talk about Mental Tests* appeared in 1981, one year after *Bias in Mental Testing*, and it generated numerous reviews and steady retail sales. Once it appeared in paperback, some college professors started using it as a supplemental textbook for their undergraduates.

A staff change at The Free Press during the 1980s affected the handling of Jensen's popular book. Although it was still in print, customers were told that it was "unavailable," and ads that once promoted it stopped appearing in trade catalogues. Why would a publisher let a book go out of print when it was still selling strongly? Once Jensen considered legal action, The Free Press made the book available again. Fifteen years after it first appeared, *Straight Talk* remains in print.

There was a similar incident involving Jensen's often-cited 1969 *Harvard Educational Review* article, "How Much Can We Boost IQ and Scholastic Achievement?" Jensen's article was one of the most publicized in the history of academe, provoking a series of rebuttals and seminars. On average, scholarly papers published in academic journals generate fewer than 25 reprint requests. Jensen received thousands of reprint requests for this book-length article, and, after depleting his own supply, he started referring such inquiries to the *Harvard Educational Review*. The *Review* initially refused to fulfill these requests. Jensen had to retain a lawyer to negotiate a deal with the *Review*, under which it continues to provide copies of the article and he receives half of the annual sale proceeds.

In defending its decision not to publish Jensen's latest book, Wiley noted that unsolicited manuscripts are rejected quite frequently. However, it would seem reasonable for a reputable scholar to expect some explanation as to why, despite positive reviews and the support of the publisher's editor, his work was discarded.

When The Free Press published *The Bell Curve* by Charles Murray and the late Richard Herrnstein, some IQ experts thought that once such a comprehensive and lucid account of IQ research captured the public's attention, the controversial implications of these findings would no longer remain taboo. Moreover, given the level of public interest in *The Bell Curve* (over 500,000 copies in print), one would think that any publishing obstacles on IQ-related matters would now be minimized. Think again. □

# Info Titans

*Any missteps in the free-wheeling world of technology could have serious repercussions.*

NEAL B. FREEMAN

MY DESK is littered with year-end trade publications hyping the heroes of The Revolution. They shout cover lines like "The Fifty Most Important People in Info-Technology," "Ten Fast-Trackers to Watch for 1997," "Rising Stars of the Infotainment Industry." You get the idea. A few years back, we all loved it when George Gilder began to do that info-thing of his. George could sell laptops to Bedouins. But then the hard-eyed money guys came along, doing the deals, and levitating initial public offerings with good stories but (drop your voice), well, no, no actual sales. Now even the mainstream media are breaking out in an info-sweat. Take *Newsweek*'s auto-erotic cover line: "Microsoft: Bill's Next Vision." Hmm. If reporting on The Revolution were a dance craze, it would now be in the macarena stage. Even Al Gore would be hip to it.

Well, let me add my own list to the year-end pile. How about, "Three Guys Who May Trip, Fall Hard, and Hurt the Rest of Us Really Badly."

Let's start with Bill Gates. The Microsoft CEO is America's richest man because he did two things right. First, he out-negotiated IBM and snatched property rights to key programs at the dawn of the personal-computer era. This put him in business. And then, some years later, he stared down the antitrust lawyers while he used the leverage of those rights to crush would-be competitors in adjacent markets. Two good moves, $20 billion.

Don't misunderstand. These were large moves. At the time, most people thought of IBM as a large, ferocious jungle cat. One angry swipe of the paw from Armonk, it was thought, and Gates would be kitty litter. But the paw never moved. Gates turned out to be one of the few people who recognized that IBM had already metamorphosed into a paper tiger. And when the action moved to Washington for legal oversight, both activist liberals and pro-busi-

*Mr. Freeman is executive producer of the weekly PBS television series,* TechnoPolitics.



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ness conservatives assumed that the Clinton Administration would challenge Gates. Whatever else he was, Clinton was a lawyer, a Democrat, and a man who had passed a season in the populist fields of Arkansas. Surely he would stay the hand of a man reaching to choke off infant enterprises in the silicon crib. Surely he would do that much. Surely. It was only later that the world would note Clinton's habit of giving a lip-biting speech about the downtrodden just before rushing off to join in a little stomping of the weak by the strong.

ALL of which leaves Bill Gates in a very strong position. So strong, in fact, that some observers have come to regard it as unassailable. Take that Newsweek piece. It's headlined, "The Microsoft Century." Now, that's a silly headline for any writer to commit. But it's grantwoodian compared with the caption: "Gates and his company are poised to gobble up the limitless opportunities of cyberspace." Century? Limitless? What's going on here? Whatever it is, it doesn't quack like journalism.

What it is becomes clear in the body of the story, and it represents a big problem for you and me. Here's the key sentence: "Some of its executives privately believe Microsoft could double both its size and its market valuation within the next five years." Hello, *Newsweek*. Microsoft's market valuation almost doubled last year alone; if it took another five years for it to double again this would mean that Microsoft's growth phase had collapsed. That is, if Microsoft grows at a rate of only 15 per cent a year the Microsoft Century will have ended before it has begun. Microsoft stock now sells at a price-to-earnings ratio of 44, which is the market's way of saying that it expects, and indeed has already discounted, spectacular growth. If Gates fails to deliver on that expectation, it would be panic news for Microsoft shareholders. But it would also be a seismic shock for the market as a whole. Microsoft has become a bellcow stock because Bill Gates is the icon of the information age: where mortal man's vision of the future becomes blurry, we assume that Gates still sees clearly. Conversely, if Gates doesn't know what comes next, info-wise, nobody knows. Smash his reputation, then, and you smash the market.

Think of it this way. Wherever you may think you have your nest egg hidden, a big chunk of it is effectively invested in Microsoft.

The second Guy Who Could Really Hurt Us is John Malone. He's best known as the King of Cable TV or, if you prefer the Reed Hundt/Al Gore view of telecommunications reform, the Darth Vader of cable television. He runs TCI, the largest operator of cable systems, which makes him the single most potent force in cable programming, cable pricing, and—how shall we put it?—cable attitude. (Reflecting on Hundt's performance at the Federal Communications Commission, Malone once told a humorless reporter that the appropriate response to the regulator was to "shoot him.") But Malone's real contribution to contemporary life has little to do with cable TV. He didn't invent it. He didn't introduce any great new programming like his sometime-buddy Ted Turner. He didn't even start his own company. What he did was expand it rapidly by borrowing enormous sums of money. And how he pulled *that* off has earned him a permanent place in financial history.

Here's what Malone did—and here's why we're all in the game with him now. To build a cable system requires big money. Before the operator can sell his service, he has to run a cable down the street and into the customer's house. He has to dig up streets, rent telephone poles. These heavy capital costs must be absorbed early, before the operating revenues show up. (It's not like the


# 1997 Olive W. Garvey Fellowships

*The Garvey Fellowships will be awarded for the three best essays on the topic:*

***"Private property is the most important guaranty of freedom."***

—Friedrich A. Hayek, Nobel Laureate in Economics

Essays of not more than 3,000 words may be submitted by college students 35 years of age or younger. The essays will be judged by a panel of distinguished scholars. Deadline for submission is May 1, 1997.

**First Prize, Olive W. Garvey Fellowship Award:**
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**Third Prize, Olive W. Garvey Fellowship Award:**
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magazine business, in other words. If you want to get *NR*, you send in a check and *then* Ed Capano will deliver the priceless document to your house. Along with a renewal notice, of course.) Malone had to find gobs of new money just at the time TCI's balance sheet was screaming to sober bankers, "Watch out below!" Malone's response? Over a peri-

*Al Gore has seen the future and, for him, it works: he wants to hotwire every schoolkid in the county to an ATM-powered computer.*

od of years, boardroom to boardroom, Malone told a generation of bankers to listen closely. What TCI's balance sheet was really screaming, he told them, was, "Heckuva deal. Don't miss out, you dummy!"

Malone's legacy, references to which echo across a thousand shiny office tables each business day, is what's called an "Ebitda company." It means "Earnings before interest, taxes, depreciation, and amortization" and it's used to describe the financial personality of companies like TCI—companies with heavy debt but positive cash flow and arguably bright prospects. Ebitda companies were presented by Malone as asset-building, future-oriented, high-growth companies. Exciting stuff. And not to be confused with the conventional loans the bankers had been making to (yawn) conventional borrowers. These latter companies came to be known as "earnings companies." As Malone sketched his vision, and he sketched it charismatically, the prospects for Ebitda companies began to seem much more attractive than those for the plain-vanilla "earnings companies," the potential of which could be analyzed by any old banker with a hand calculator. After a time, the bankers began to come around. Reassured that they were part of a genuine paradigm shift, they lined up to lend John Malone virtually everything he asked for.

It has been a great ride. TCI is big and getting bigger. But there's a funny thing about Ebitda companies. The interest has to be paid in cash, and so do a few taxes, and the depreciation and amortization represent real costs over time. TCI and its brother Ebitda companies may have had earnings before interest, taxes, depreciation, and amortization, but what they showed on the bottom line, year after year, was what folks used to call losses. Big losses.

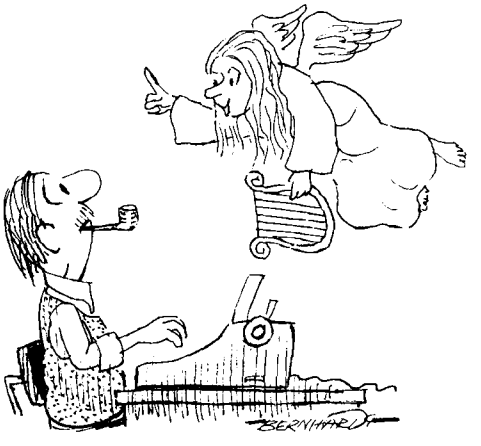
So, here we are at the front end of the digital era—competition finally a reality, with the telephone companies mobilizing, the wireless entrepreneurs charging ahead, and even the satellite operators making a brisk comeback. And where is John Malone, just as he needs to build new plants, deploy set-top technology, and fight for customers against rivals who already know how to provide customer service? Where is John Malone, the "smartest man in the telecommunications industry," who was supposed to lead us to the promised info-land? Well, their hand calculators tell a few old bankers that he may be tapped out; that, instead of building the future, he may have to spend precious time and resources patching up the past; and that, just possibly, he may cause the money guys to paradigm-shift away from Ebitda companies into some new enthusiasm. Ominous. If the bankers write Malone a Dear John letter, it could be a major blow to the financial system. So, for both his sake and ours, we have to hope that John Malone is as smart as they say he is.

The third Guy with impressive downside potential is Al Gore. As you may possibly have discerned behind the technofoggery of his public comments, Gore is running for President on the ATM platform. That stands for Asynchronous Transfer Mode. You shouldn't worry much about the technical esoterica. (One suspects that Gore hasn't worried much about them, either.) Suffice it to say that ATM is a marvelous new technology for moving digitized information across networks at the speed of light. Think of it as a new networking standard, ideal for multimedia—voice, video, and data. Al Gore has seen the future and, for him, it works: he wants to hotwire every schoolkid in the country to an ATM-powered computer, and he wants to do it now. Applying the best new technologies to the most pressing social problems—that's what good Gore-government will be all about.

Any problems here? Anyone? Anyone? Well, a few. It reminds me of the time Bill Buckley was approached by a novice geostrategist with a suggestion for ending the Cold War: Why don't we just marry off Everett Dirksen to Stalin's daughter? he asked. Why not, indeed? Well, with ATM, let's see where to begin. First, there's the cost. ATM is horrendously expensive. It's so expensive that even corporate America, which tumbles for every Sharper Image infogizmo, is hanging back. Since Gore can't raise taxes or siphon off funds from a tightening budget, he has turned to the fiscal device that is becoming the hallmark of the Clinton–Gore era: the targeted tax increase. Gore has suggested that the 11-figure tab for the electronic schoolhouse should be picked up by the telecommunications companies. (Companies in other businesses have tended to sigh and nod approval, but of course they will take their own turn in the barrel soon enough.) These targeted tax increases—non-user fees, if you will—represent a pernicious trend in public finance, and one hopes that the Republican Congress will stop Gore before he taxes again. After all, didn't we fight a war to get out from under these bills of attainder?

But, for the sake of argument, let's assume that Gore finds a way to pay for the wired schoolhouse. Let's assume that he gets every student's fanny in front of a high-end cathode-ray tube. What, then, is the likelihood that the technology will produce the desired result, namely, a better education for most students? What evidence has Gore adduced on that

*(Continues on page 60)*




*"I only inspire. If you're sued for libel, you're on your own."*



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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

January 3, 1997

Dear Rusty,

A few years ago, you asked me to help you out with your research in the Brazilian rainforest, and, as you'll remember, I said, "Sure, no problem."

So I cut you a check for my donation, and then I asked if maybe it would be possible to use some of the findings of your research in my soon-to-be-best-selling book, Earth in the Balance.

Now what I need to know is a) whether the check I wrote to you was a personal check; b) whether it was (more likely) a check drawn on the foundation I created with the money I had left over in my senatorial campaign war chest; and c) if it had "for research" in the memo section.

I also need to know whether you and your research organization are a 501(c)(1), 501(c)(2), 501(c)(3), or 501(c)(4) corporation.

I need all this pretty fast, by the way. At least by Sunday-morning talk-show hour.

See, this thing with Gingrich is kind of unsettling. Don't get me wrong: I'm all for trying to undermine the guy. But I'm sure there's a more . . . how do I put this? . . . a more surgical way to get him.

I wasn't really worried about it until Dad called. "Gleetings, my number one son. How many Chinese businessmen have been in today?" he said.

"Cut it out, Dad," I groaned.

"C'mon, Al! What'd they serve at lunch today in the mess? Moo Shu Pork? General Tsing Spicy Scallop?"

"Dad, I'm hanging up the phone."

"It's a joke, boy! A joke! Lighten up!" he cried. I could hear the ice rattle in his highball glass, which means he's finished his drink. Last week, I could hear the ice tinkling in a full glass, which meant I had to endure two whole verses of "We Are Siamese if You Please," with Mom in the background banging a trash-can lid with a hammer, to simulate a gong.

"Well it's not funny, Dad. In this first place, it's racially insensitive."

"Not as insensitive as fleecing those poor fellas to the tune of $300,000 for a five-minute White House sit-down and a doughnut."

"And we've given most of the money back."

Dad burst out laughing. "I know! I read it in the paper! I mean, son, what are you running up there? A Chinese fire drill?"

"Dad, I swear to God I'll hang up this phone."

"Simmer down, boy. You know, in my day, if we took three million dollars from a fellow, you'd better believe we'd keep it. Oh yes. And give him something for it, besides. Now I see you fellows on the news swearing up and down that all that money had absolutely no effect on policy. No effect on policy? Use your head, boy! Don't tell the customer that! If a man wants to pay three million dollars for a car, don't go on TV telling folks that it's okay, 'cause the car don't run. What are you, nuts?"

"I'm not following your analogy," I said.

"And then I read about this Gingrich character, and how he's in trouble because he used money from the wrong account to pay for a college course he was teaching. A college course! He didn't steal the money, or buy himself a Cadillac, or send his girlfriend to Hawaii. No. He taught a college course."

"Dad, I have to go."

"How do you trust a man like that? How can you trust a man who doesn't take a little for himself?"

"Dad, I'm late for a meeting."

"Well, you just watch out. You guys in D.C. have so many tax laws and ethics investigations you've turned everyone into a crook."

"Bye, Dad." And I hung up. But Dad's point is well taken: I've got to start cleaning up some loose ends before the '00 campaign starts in earnest.

I called up David Bonior. He's spearheading the battle against Newt, so I figured that he's an expert.

"Hmmmm," he said, after I had laid out the situation. "This doesn't look good!"

"It doesn't? But isn't it, at most, just a technical mistake? A minor oversight?" I asked.

"Ooohhh no no no. This kind of malfeasance—"

"Excuse me. Isn't malfeasance kind of strong?"

"Call it what you will, sir. But it's a Gingrich-sized oversight. The good news, if you're interested, is that Dick Gephardt has some similar, though slightly more serious, problems."

"Well, I appreciate that, David, but I really think we've all gone too far with these rigidly picky ethics attacks for purely personal gain."

Bonior clucked his tongue. "Spoken," he said, "like someone who has some serious violations of the tax code to explain."

"Oh, come on, David," I said. "Everyone has a few mistakes on the books."

"Not me," he said. "See you in New Hampshire."

So, please, Rusty, hurry up with those receipts!

Your pal, Al



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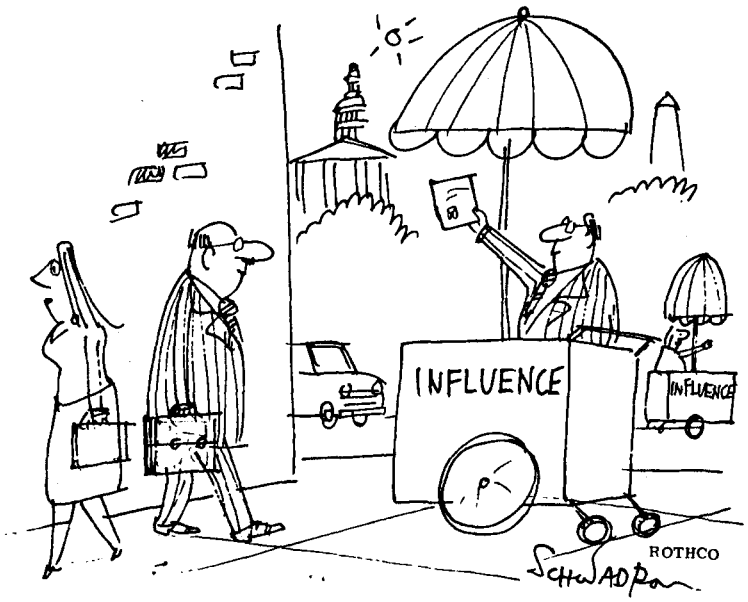
# help!!!!

"We don't use 'damned' anymore . . .
We would refer to you as 'Spiritually Challenged'."



## *Poltergeist Problems*

*They're renting out the Lincoln bed.*
*God knows they've both been buffeted,*
*But holy gee, a hundred Gs*
*Won't start to pay the lawyers' fees:*
*While Abe, whom both the Clintons love,*
*Gave Streisand an unfriendly shove.*

—W. H. VON DREELE

"Just be a watchdog. Is that too much to ask?."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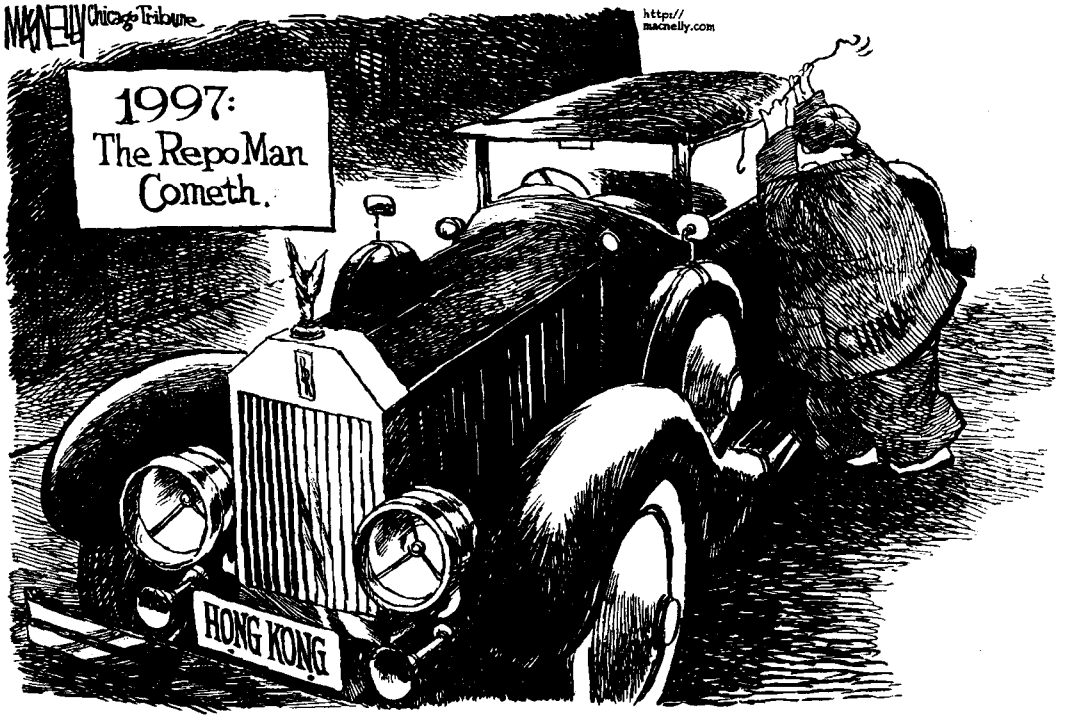

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# BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

## Revenge of the Smelly Little Orthodoxies

NORMAN PODHORETZ

TIME was when a scandal involving an important British writer would have reverberated very loudly in American literary circles. Yet so great a cultural gap has opened up between London and New York that hardly a word has reached us here of a great controversy concerning George Orwell which erupted over there a few months ago.

What triggered the explosion was the discovery that back in 1949, shortly before he died, Orwell (in the words of the *Guardian*, the paper that broke the story) "offered to provide a secret Foreign Office propaganda unit linked to the intelligence services with names of writers and journalists he regarded as 'crypto-Communist' and 'fellow-travelers' who could not be trusted."

The offer was made to, and accepted by, a woman named Celia Kirwan (now Celia Goodman and still alive at 79), who, as it happened, had recently turned down another offer from Orwell—this one of marriage—but who remained on amicable terms with him. Miss Kirwan was also the sister-in-law of Orwell's friend and political ally Arthur Koestler, best known as the author of the classic anti-Communist novel *Darkness at Noon*.

Bonnie T. Gardner

As an employee of the Information Research Department (the covert operation in question) and as a friend of Orwell, Miss Kirwan was instructed to sound him out about whether he might be willing to participate in its work. According to an internal memo she filed at the time: "I discussed some aspects of our work with him in great confidence. He was delighted to learn of them, and expressed his wholehearted and enthusiastic approval of our aims." By this point, Orwell was too ill to do any writing for the IRD himself, but (as Mrs. Goodman now puts it): "I asked him who he thought were . . . the worthwhile writers on the anti-Communist front. . . . He gave me a few names, and I gave them to my department. And it was as simple as that."

Well, not quite. A little later Orwell, evidently on his own initiative, also gave Celia Kirwan that now notorious "blacklist" of writers to be shunned by the IRD because they were to one degree or another sympathetic to the Communist cause and to the Soviet Union as its leading embodiment.

The list is still classified, and a notebook in which he kept an even longer list (and from which he seems to have taken the names he gave to Miss Kirwan) is being held by the Orwell estate under lock and key until everyone on it is dead. Which means that all the "Marxist intellectuals of a certain age" who were said by the *Sunday Independent* to be itching to find out whether they were on Orwell's blacklist will never have their curiosity satisfied, at least not this side of the grave.

In its front-page story on the incident, the *Guardian*, obviously shocked itself, predicted that many others on the Left would also be shocked to discover that a fellow socialist had done such a thing. One wonders why. After all, any reader of Orwell would know that anti-Communism was one of his strongest passions. It was the driving force behind his two most famous novels, *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. It pervaded *Homage to Catalonia*, his memoir of the Spanish Civil War (in which he was seriously wounded fighting on the side of the Left against Franco but where his eyes were also opened to the murderous perfidy of the Communists and their Soviet masters). And it formed the theme of dozens of the articles and reviews he published as a prolific working journalist.

Any reader of Orwell would also know that he was a fervent English patriot. "My Country, Right or Left," he memorably declared in an essay excoriating the "anti-British" outlook that had been so fashionable on the Left throughout the 1930s. He himself had temporarily subscribed to this outlook in the first flush of his youthful socialist enthusiasms. But with the outbreak of World War II, while still considering himself a socialist, he began celebrating English institutions against the denigrations of the left-wing intelligentsia which, in his view, had so damaged the morale of the English people "that the Fascist nations judged that they were 'decadent,' and that it was safe to plunge into war."

In line with this new love of country, Orwell also proclaimed in the most forceful terms the basic human right to defend and fight for one's own simply because it was one's

*Mr. Podhoretz is editor-at-large of* Commentary *and a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute.*

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# THE TOP 16 REASONS WHY *YOU* SHOULD GO ON THE *NATIONAL REVIEW* 1997 ALASKA CRUISE

**1. ALASKA NEVER VOTED FOR CLINTON!** Not in 1996. Not in 1992. So—can you think of a more *appropriate* place to cruise than the Land of the Midnight Sun!?

**2. NO SHORTAGE OF ICE FOR MIXED DRINKS AT EXCLUSIVE COCKTAIL RECEPTIONS.** Don't pack your muffler: the **National Review 1997 Alaska Cruise** will take place during balmy August (the 10th through the 17th—"peak" season for cruising "up there"), when temperatures are in the always-comfortable high 60s. Amazing, isn't it: the most majestic fjords and glaciers on earth surround you, while the summer sun warms you, as the *Ryndam*—Holland America Line's award-winning liner—sails the icy waterways of Alaska on its way to Vancouver (visiting the rustic ports of Sitka and Ketchikan, and the beautiful capital city of Juneau, along the way). Oh yes: among the many things the **National Review 1997 Alaska Cruise** will feature are three exclusive, pool-side cocktail receptions (they're your unique opportunity to meet and mingle with *NR*'s editors, our special guests, and new-found friends).

**3. THE *RYNDAM* WILL BE SLOUCHING TOWARDS VANCOUVER.** With Bob Bork as a special guest, we'll slouch anywhere (as long as it's not towards Gomorrah!). Of course, we're being unfair to the *Ryndam*—it doesn't "slouch." No siree, this is a proud, world-class, five-star liner (voted 1995 "Ship of the Year" by the authoritative *Ocean and Cruise News*) that is renowned for elegance, style, and superior cuisine. It glides. Smoothly. And speaking of smooth, you will love the *Ryndam*'s staterooms—every one is spacious, well-appointed, and the epitome of class (especially the "verandah" suites—picture yourself on your private balcony as the *Ryndam* elegantly sails past Mother Nature's grandest masterpiece; talk about a backdrop!).

**4. ALASKA IS FAR, FAR AWAY FROM CHAPPAQUIDDICK.** That should mean the waters the *Ryndam* plies will be relatively safe (August is usually when Teddy and the joy boys run amock—thankfully for *us* a continent away—around Cape Cod).

**5. BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK TO SMOKE A CIGAR WITH A NOBEL PRIZE-WINNER.** *And* with some other of the most admired figures of modern conservatism. Milton Friedman, Robert Bork, and Bob Novak are just some of the luminaries who will be joining Bill Buckley, John O'Sullivan, Kate O'Beirne, Rick Brookhiser, Ed Capano, and Dusty Rhodes at an exciting array of seminars—featuring our guests discussing policy and politics, plus answering your questions—and exclusive social events, including two pool-side "smokers" featuring premier H. Upmann cigars (*and* some top-shelf cognac!).

**6. TOTEM POLLS WILL BE HOLDING ANNUAL AL GORE IMPERSONATION FESTIVAL.** The **National Review 1997 Alaska Cruise** will afford you the chance to see some wonderful sights when the *Ryndam* is "in port," such as the Totem Heritage Cultural Center (where the native wooden behemoths will look positively *animated* when compared to our Vice President!), Juneau's National Historic District, Mendenhall Glacier, Sitka's famed Raptor Rehabilitation Center, and countless other attractions.

**7. CHANCE YOU MAY CATCH *NR* EDITORS PANNING FOR GOLD TO PAY OFF DEBTS.** We hope it won't come to *that*, but you never know (we've done *worse*!). Well, what we do know is that Holland America has several specially designed pre-cruise tours (ranging from three to seven days) that will give you the once-in-a-lifetime chance to come face-to-face with the incredible sights of "inland" Alaska—Mt. McKinley, Denali National Park, Portage Glacier, and the historic towns of Nome and Fairbanks (where, yes, you can pan for those rare nuggets). There's even a tour that will take you above the Arctic Circle (as well as a three-day post-cruise tour of cosmpolitan Vancouver and Victoria). Whichever one you choose, know that *National Review* has negotiated a deal with Holland America to provide you these special tour packages at *cost*—they just can't be purchased anywhere for *less*!

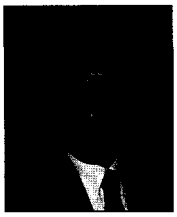
**8. CHANCE TO BECOME A CHARACTER IN BILL BUCKLEY'S NEXT SAILING BOOK.** Well, that would require a conspiracy, a mutiny, probably some bloodshed, and no doubt result in prison time (Title: *Alaska Low*?). Better forget that idea. But *don't* forget to bring a copy of one of Bill's previous best-sellers—or bring a bunch—so he can personally autograph them for you.

**9. *FREE* CRUISE COMES WITH EVERY *NR* HOODED SWEATSHIRT (SIZES "L" AND "XL"—PRICES START AT ONLY $2,094!)** OK, maybe we got the marketing pitch backwards. But truth be told, the **National Review 1997 Alaska Cruise** is a very affordable way for you to see one of the most beautiful spots on earth. Couples can save up to $1,200 off Holland America's catalogue rates! And yes, everyone who attends will receive a *free NR* hooded sweatshirt!

**10.**

*William F. Buckley Jr.*

**11.**

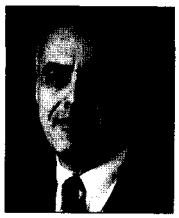


*Milton Friedman*

**12.**

*Robert Bork*

**13.**



*Robert Novak*

**14.**

*John O'Sullivan*

**15.**

*Kate O'Beirne*

**16.**

*Rick Brookhiser*

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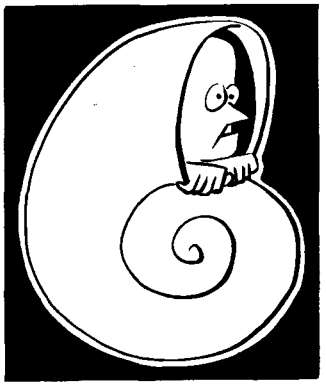
own and for no other reason whatever ("If someone drops a bomb on your mother, go and drop two bombs on his mother"). And along the same line, he found himself discovering more political and moral wisdom in the instincts and mores of ordinary Englishmen than in the sophisticated ideas of their putative betters in the intellectual class. ("One has to belong to the intelligentsia to believe things like that," he would famously write in 1945 after listing several egregious examples relating to the progress of World War II; "no ordinary man could be such a fool.")

These attitudes survived the defeat of Nazi Germany. Indeed, if anything they intensified with the emergence of the Soviet threat. For Orwell was among the first to see that Nazism and Communism, for all their apparent differences, were both forms of a new and higher stage in the history of despotism and tyranny. It was a stage in which every area of life, not merely the political sphere, was brought under state control: hence the name totalitarianism. Yet of these two forms of totalitarianism, the Soviet variety, to judge by the much greater amount of passionate attention he paid to it, clearly seemed to Orwell the more dangerous. And if the contempt left-wing intellectuals felt for their own country had in Orwell's judgment weakened the English resolve to stand up even to Nazi Germany, a regime they all detested, the same contempt might play an even more sinister role when compounded by their sympathy for the enemy. It could, he feared, smooth the way for the triumph of totalitarianism in its Communist guise.

Orwell was well aware that most of these people were too cautious to identify themselves forthrightly as Communists or to side openly with the Soviet Union. Instead they hid behind pacifism as a respectable way to oppose armed resistance to aggressive Soviet moves, and they espoused neutralism as a similarly acceptable position from which to undermine British support for the stand America was now beginning to take against Soviet expansionism. Beneath the pacifism, he charged, lay not a genuinely principled opposition to "violence as such, but only violence used in defense of the Western countries." Nor did the neutralism signify an honest refusal to choose between the United States and the Soviet Union; it was, rather, a cover for "anti-Americanism" in particular and for "hatred of Western democracy and admiration for totalitarianism" in general.




HOW then could anyone familiar with Orwell have been surprised, let alone shocked, by the revelation that this fervent patriot and profoundly principled anti-Communist was willing to cooperate with an agency of his own government in conducting an ideological battle against Communism and the Soviet Union? I for one would have been more surprised if he had turned down such a request for help.

Furthermore, given everything he knew about the success so many "crypto-Communists" and "fellow-travelers" enjoyed in concealing their true beliefs, it makes perfect sense that he would have considered it his patriotic duty to warn the IRD against certain writers who might allow themselves to be recruited precisely in order to undermine the agency from within.

Nevertheless, the *Guardian* was right in predicting that many on the Left would be shocked. Thus, the dethroned leader of the Labour Party, Michael Foot, professed amazement that his old friend and colleague should have been "dealing with the secret services in any form." Another dethroned leader of the Labour Party, Tony Benn, regretted that Orwell "gave in" to the pressures and temptations of an intelligence service that was "actually like the CIA and the KGB." And the left-wing journalist Paul Foot said that one now had to accept that Orwell had taken "a McCarthyite position toward the end of his life."

*How could anyone familiar with Orwell be surprised, let alone shocked, that he was willing to cooperate with an agency of his own government in conducting an ideological battle against Communism and the Soviet Union?*

What accounts for these curious expressions of bewildered dismay? The answer is that many on the Left, in their great reluctance to admit that Orwell, whom they cherished as a literary jewel in their political crown, had for all practical purposes ceased being one of them, simply blinded themselves to the evidence. But the revelation that he did not even hesitate to "betray his own side" to the authorities, as the Marxist historian Christopher Hill put it, has finally broken the back of the longstanding effort to deny that Orwell did indeed defect from the Left.

On the other hand, a few leftists, led by Bernard Crick, one of Orwell's biographers, have managed to remain in a complacent state of denial. Crick once declared that Orwell was a "revolutionary" whose values could only be "willfully misunderstood . . . when he [was] claimed for the camp of the Cold War." Yet while Orwell might have been a revolutionary in his youth, the plain fact is that even then he spilled far more ink attacking and even ridiculing socialists than he ever did in criticizing the Right. "One sometimes gets the impression," he wrote as early as the mid Thirties, "that the mere words 'Socialism' and 'Communism' draw toward them with magnetic force every fruit-juice drinker, nudist, sandal-wearer, sex-maniac, Quaker, 'Nature Cure' quack, pacifist, and feminist in England." By the mid Forties Orwell was going even further—so far as to write an extraordinarily sympathetic review of Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom* acknowledging that there was "a great deal of truth" in Hayek's thesis that "socialism leads to despotism," and that the collectivism entailed by socialism brings with it "concentration camps, leader worship, and war."

Still, since Orwell for some reason never gave up calling himself a socialist, and since he never saw any hope for the survival (let alone the triumph) of capitalism, Crick and others can make a case of sorts in continuing to claim him for the socialist faith. Where the Cold War is concerned, however, they have no case at all. Except for a few remarks that crop up here and there in his fugitive journalistic pieces, his position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was unequivocal: ". . . the only big political questions in the world today are: for Russia–against Russia, for America–against America, for democracy–against democracy." As for him, he "would always choose America."

Yet so determined is Crick to go on pretending that Orwell did not belong to the "camp of the Cold War" that he has leaped to his hero's defense against those of his "fellow Leftists who are eager to discredit one of the greatest and bravest satirical writers England has known": "His values were republican in the old Roman sense, not nice liberal in the *Guardian* sense. If liberty is in danger you fight back to defend a civil order; you don't tie your hands behind your back as the Weimar Germans did when faced by the Nazis."

So far so good. But fearing that even this much might make Orwell sound like a Cold Warrior, Crick immediately rushes to correct any such impression. Cloaking Orwell in the very neutralism he so fiercely denounced as a cover for appeasement of the Soviet Union, and adding insult to injury by decorating it with the kind of anti-British frill Orwell despised, Crick goes on to write: "But don't misread *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. It warned not just against Communism but against any kind of total power. . . . Orwell hit out at both directions, even at ourselves."

(In similar fashion, incidentally, here in America in the year 1984, when articles and symposia without number were devoted to Orwell's novel, most of them represented it as a warning against the United States, thereby proving that it is possible to be Orwellian even in interpreting Orwell.)

A slightly different tack in defense of Orwell has been taken by Christopher Hitchens, an English leftist transplanted to the United States whose piece in *Vanity Fair* is the only account of the controversy to have appeared here.

If Crick wants to hold onto Orwell because he regards him as a great satirist and an ornament to the Left, Hitchens reveres Orwell as "the lonely dissident who set his whole grit and fiber against the 'smelly little orthodoxies' that are the pox of the twentieth century." Blithely unaware that among those smelly little orthodoxies are a few to which he himself has subscribed, especially the neutralist position he took during the Cold War, Hitchens proceeds to absolve Orwell of the charge of "being some kind of premature McCarthyite." In sending the list of "crypto-Communists" and "fellow-travelers" to Celia Kirwan, Orwell "wasn't interested in unearthing heresy or in getting people fired or in putting them under the discipline of a loyalty oath. He just wanted to keep a clear accounting in the battle of ideas."

But of course much as Orwell cared about the battle of ideas, and much as he would have opposed McCarthy, his intention here was precisely to keep certain people from getting hired, and there seems little doubt that he would have tried to get them fired if they had already been on the job. The defense Hitchens mounts is just another way of refusing to face the extent and seriousness of Orwell's defection from the Left where the struggle against Communism was concerned.

"Dickens," Orwell once remarked, "is one of those writers who are well worth stealing." So is Orwell himself, and that is why the likes of Crick and Hitchens keep trying to snatch him out of the Cold War camp in which he so courageously and honorably ended his days and to draft him into the army of their own "smelly little orthodoxy." Thanks to the "blacklist" scandal, they now have fewer co-conspirators to help them along. But it is hard to imagine what if anything will ever get these diehards of the Left to acknowledge the truth about Orwell that they have labored so mightily and so long to conceal both from themselves and from others. □

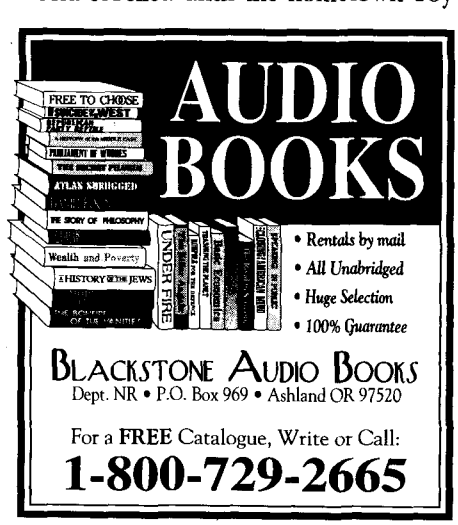
# See No Evil

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

DAVID Brudnoy first wrote for this journal in 1968, immediately before which he was a Randian libertarian, before that a liberal/socialist, before that, a child. He attended high school in Minneapolis; then on to Yale, where he studied history and language, Japan and the Japanese his specialties. He did postgraduate work at Harvard, taught at a black college in Texas, served as an assistant professor in political science at Northeastern, received his PhD from Brandeis. He began to do radio commentary in Boston, sank roots in the talk-show trade, looked about unsuccessfully for an academic job as a historian, and decided finally to do his radio work full time. During this whole period he was an active (a very active) homosexual, and one day in 1994 he learned that he had AIDS, from which he very nearly died. This book is his autobiography.

What is distinctive in the scene is that David Brudnoy is universally cherished, not excepting by this reviewer. One wonders, those who know him and indeed those who will read his book, whether he *has* ill-wishers. It is unprecedented that the answer appears to be no, given the candor of his right-minded views, broadcast (WBZ) five hours every night in the heart of Boston—a stone's throw from the *Boston Globe*, which is not accustomed to giving tenure to any conservative within its reach. But David plugged along over the radio year after year, in his affable manner and leisurely gait, interviewing every public figure in America and relaying inquisitively, pleasantly, his misgivings over liberal cant. When at one point he was laid off because management thought it would do better giving over the time to a national broadcaster (Tom Snyder), what seemed like the whole world rebelled until the hometown boy

***Life Is Not a Rehearsal: A Memoir, by David Brudnoy (Doubleday, 298 pp, $22.95)***





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was given back his op-ed radio tower, and life went on.

But then one day Brudnoy discovered that he had AIDS, a disease whose ravages accelerated because of Brudnoy's reluctance to turn himself over to the medical profession. He very nearly died. At the hospital he came to terms with the besetting realities of his situation and decided, finally, fatalistically, on full disclosure. He told his story at a packed press conference, followed by an autobiographical hour on his radio program and—a few months later—a descriptive and moving essay in NATIONAL REVIEW. He was now, if only for the season, a national figure, "the poster boy of AIDS," he wryly reflected.

THIS book is important for extrapersonal reasons. Brudnoy records dramatically the dramatic high points, biological, professional, and psychological, of the progress of his illness, and then, before you know it, he emerges as quite simply a survivor, as if the danger had been caused not by AIDS but by an Alpine avalanche. The reader is induced to opine on it all without any thought as to what exactly brought it on, the illness that nearly killed Brudnoy and continues to endanger his life. The sense of triumph the book radiates is only one part the triumph of a diseased body made (almost) whole. Mostly the celebration conveyed (if not entirely designed) is of the epitome of a celebrated class of men who, in the dark and ignorant days of the past (the perspective is the author's), were bedeviled for exercising emotions now understood as entirely normal.

*The (heterosexual) Lothario is hardly alone, let alone unique, but at least he is correctly regarded as unusual—and destructive.*

This view, not at all long ago, would have been thought of as morally avant-garde. What Mr. Brudnoy's book invites is reflection, perforce, on sociological folkways and mores. An effort to carry this out dispassionately requires full hygienic gear—headband, face mask, gloves, antiseptics—in order to facilitate the examination of homosexual behavior without any trace of moral bias. Forget the position shared by St. Paul and Freud, and then ask only this: Is the behavior of conspicuous homosexuals difficult to understand when weighed in balance with what one struggles, unsuccessfully, not to continue to designate as "normal" behavior?

Some years ago in this space I reviewed the autobiography of another old friend, Robert Bauman. What I wrote was that Bob Bauman had raised questions he could not answer in his book. He had sat in Congress, a rising star, married, with four children, an ardent churchgoer. He was then detected cruising in gay bars and consorting with a minor. He was warned by the police. In a dramatic encounter, his wife agreed to stand by him provided he took control of his extramarital conduct. What then happened was that he resumed cruising, a) lost his congressional seat, b) lost his wife, c) lost his license to practice law, and d) denied his religious faith. Was, then, the passion to cruise—ungovernable?

The widely held view is that the appetites of homosexuals are unruly and that therefore their conduct is aberrant when weighed by normal criteria. The (heterosexual) Lothario is hardly alone, let alone unique, but at least he is correctly regarded as unusual—and destructive. David Brudnoy invites no such conclusion about the gay world. Three times he was deeply in love, but in every case he abjured lasting monogamous union. In every street of every capital of the world, our author cruised. He does not compute his sexual contacts, but invites us to suppose that they have been legion until, toward the end, a certain fatigue set in on his libido—whether prompted by the aftereffects of his infection or simply by attrition, he never quite informs us. The closest he comes to scrutinizing his own behavior under the eyes of social decorum is to remark on ambient social pressures that, he judges, made it so:

> In the early 1960s a young gay male had in a sense to invent himself, to draw boundaries and create behavioral patterns not out of a long and well-regarded tradition but out of the very act of coming to terms with his situation. We are none of us exact replicas of each other (however much, on an almost seasonal basis, the idealized look of the desirable gay man leads to flurries of imitation), but I've no doubt that many people are pretty similar to me, wanting, even perhaps needing, different experiences, different types of men for various parts of their lives. We are led by every signal along our way from infancy to the grave to apotheosize that one true love, but we are not allowed to solemnize that as heterosexuals can. We are betwixt and between, and even having, as I had, a Stephen to love couldn't be acknowledged beyond our small group of other outsiders. If the appeal of variety, to put it politely, is powerful, the boundaries put up by our culture almost propel us into promiscuity.

The passage is ineffably sad, including as it seems to do a yearning for lifelong solemnization, the candid confession of the appeal of variety, at once the acknowledged lure of promiscuity, together with the finding that giving in to it is brought on by centripetal and censorious social pressures. The reader is not left with any illumination on the gnawing question, Is the gay different other than in his sexual preferences? To say that, yes, he is, is not necessarily to speak invidiously. Thoroughly heterosexual men can be essences of much that Christian perspectives bemoan.

We are left, then, with a book by a courageous and scholarly middle-aged man whose affability civilizes the strenuous political and polemical life of Boston. And the reader welcomes the author's own conclusions about the new vector of his own thought and emotions.

> I have, of course, wondered, and friends have asked me specifically, why I don't have a lover, why I haven't had anyone in my life who could be said to occupy that role since my days in Texas. I say I'm busy. I say I'm too picky. Who could match up to the ideal men of my youth: Stephen, Paul, Andrew? I say I'm probably more the aesthete than a tiger in bed. (That's true enough, but so?) I don't say, because I am not sure I can believe it, much less say it, that I am just not interested romantically in most people and would rather have a good conversation with a pal.

He has done this, an extended conversation, sowing seeds for thought, but more confident than he has reason to be that his conversation will revise traditional perspectives. □


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# When Decency Disappears

JOHN J. DiIULIO JR.

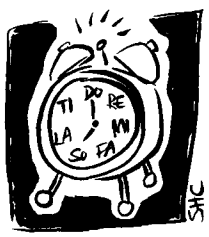
FOR conservatives who believe that "a thinking liberal" is an oxymoron, a good three-word rebuttal is "William Julius Wilson." A past president of the American Society of Sociology, Wilson is currently the Malcolm Wiener Professor of Social Policy at Harvard. In his much-discussed 1987 book, *The Truly Disadvantaged*, he documented that both middle-class and working-class blacks had moved out of ghetto neighborhoods in great numbers, taking with them traditional values, positive community norms, and patterns of hard work, family stability, and self-advancement through education.

In his eagerly awaited new book, Wilson argues that ghetto blacks are worse off than ever, victimized by a near-total loss of low-skill jobs in and around inner-city neighborhoods. In support of this thesis, he musters mountains of statistical data, plus excerpts from some of the thousands of surveys and face-to-face interviews that he and his research team conducted among inner-city Chicagoans. It is a book that deserves a wide audience among thinking conservatives.

*When Work Disappears: The World of the New Urban Poor, by William Julius Wilson (Knopf, 322 pp., $26)*

As a Princeton colleague of mine once quipped, "It's a multi-variate world." Throughout this book, Wilson tries to treat joblessness as one major cause—but not the only important cause—of inner-city black-on-black violence, out-of-wedlock births, drug trafficking and abuse, educational failure, and chronic welfare dependency. In Wilson's view, while the Left has long been guilty of ignoring or trivializing the harsh realities of ghetto culture, the Right now reflexively rejects the possibility that the "unflattering behaviors" of the inner-city poor are to a significant if hard-to-quantify extent "cultural responses to constraints and limited opportunities that have evolved over time."

Of course, Wilson must first prove that work has in fact disappeared in and around ghetto neighborhoods. Among other solid studies, he cites a 1993 analysis by the urban geographer Mark Alan Hughes. Mapping data on metropolitan employment patterns for the period 1985 to 1991, Hughes found that while some big cities had gained jobs, many had lost them, and in every case job growth in edge cities was many times job growth within big-city limits. For example, over this period Philadelphia lost nine jobs for every one hundred jobs created in the suburban counties that ring the city.



Today, Philadelphia has nearly 50,000 unemployed adults looking for work, an unemployment rate that exceeds 20 per cent for low-skill laborers, and about 40 per cent of Pennsylvania's welfare population. The poor black sections of West and North Philadelphia are now almost completely bereft of commercial activity.

The new federal welfare block-grant program, Temporary Assistance for Needy Families (TANF), strictly limits welfare recipients to two consecutive years of aid, and to a lifetime total of five years of aid. Under TANF's time limits and work rules, in fiscal year 1997 some 50,000 Philadelphians will lose aid and have to find employment. In addition, some 62,000 single adults between the ages of 19 and 59 will lose their public medical assistance unless they work at least 100 hours a month.

But work where? As Wilson notes, the "growing suburbanization of jobs has aggravated the unemployment woes of poor inner-city workers. Most ghetto residents cannot afford an automobile and therefore have to rely on public transit systems that make the connection between inner-city neighborhoods and suburban job locations difficult and time-consuming." This "spatial mismatch" problem is being addressed through efforts like Bridges to Work, an experimental $17-million federal program. Over the next four

*Mr. DiIulio is a professor of politics and public affairs at Princeton, and an Adjunct Fellow at the Manhattan Institute.*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years, the program will attempt to place job-ready inner-city residents in Baltimore, Chicago, Denver, Milwaukee, and St. Louis in unsubsidized suburban jobs, and to establish the regional transportation networks necessary to get them to and from work.

But as Wilson suggests, such programs cannot even begin to accommodate the tens of thousands of inner-city residents who will be affected by the new welfare laws. Republican retreads of Democratic welfare-to-work programs will probably fare no better than the originals. Last year, for example, of nearly 24,000 Philadelphia welfare recipients who participated in one such program, only 752 found full-time jobs (155 of which jobs offered medical coverage), and only 547 found part-time jobs (24 of which offered medical coverage). "In the final analysis," concludes Wilson, "a typical unskilled or semiskilled mother is likely to make the transition from dependency to self-sufficiency only if her job provides full family health-care benefits, she has minimal or no child-care costs, and her other living costs are relatively low."

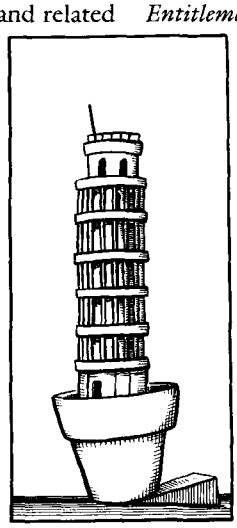
SO, Wilson succeeds in showing that inner-city jobs have dwindled, and that "ending welfare as we know it" will therefore prove much easier said than done. Nonetheless, suppose state and local officials *do* manage to administer TANF and related reforms in a creative, compassionate, and cost-effective way. Suppose that local charities, churches, and community volunteers help to make devolution work. In short, suppose that low-skill jobs were made available to all welfare recipients, and that their day-care and related needs were met. Do most long-term adult inner-city welfare recipients really want to work?

Absolutely, insists Wilson. He cites a 1993 doctoral dissertation by LaDonna Pavetti, now of the Urban Institute, which documented that welfare recipients "frequently found jobs as bartenders, waitresses, car dispatchers, and baby-sitters that paid about $5 an hour and lacked health benefits."

I certainly agree that many long-term welfare recipients would prefer to work if they could. However, as one of Wilson's own surveys revealed, nearly three-quarters of black ghetto parents in Chicago believe that "people have a right to receive aid without working." Only a third of the Mexican-immigrant parents living in the same Chicago poverty areas felt that way. He cites a 1991 conference paper by Marta Tienda and Haya Stier as evidence that such "ethnic differences toward welfare" reflect "perceived and actual differences in opportunities rather than different values toward welfare." But he cannot escape the inference that, other things being equal, the culture of long-term dependency and negative attitudes toward work are probably stronger among ghetto blacks than among the jobless poor of other ethnic groups.

*Wilson shows that inner-city jobs have dwindled, and that 'ending welfare as we know it' will prove much easier said than done.*

By the same token, Wilson wrongly asserts that conservative scholars, including Lawrence Mead of New York University, have ascribed, "without direct empirical evidence, persistent poverty and other social dislocations to the negative effects of welfare." In *Beyond Entitlement* (1986), *The New Politics of Poverty* (1992), and numerous research monographs, Mead has carefully documented the phenomenon of voluntary joblessness among certain segments of the welfare-dependent population, and has offered remarkably balanced practical and moral judgments about how best to reform the system.




Likewise, in discussing "the fading inner-city family" and the fact that 57 per cent of all black children in 1993 lived with a single parent, Wilson clings to a few studies which suggest that, at least for the younger black father, employment status "is strongly associated with his entry into marriage after the birth of his child," and that "marriage rates have dropped much more sharply among jobless black fathers than among employed black fathers." He also claims that there "is no evidence to suggest that welfare is a major factor in the rise of childbearing outside marriage."

The bare fact is that half of the women on welfare in 1992 had their first children as teens. Nearly 90 per cent of children on welfare live in fatherless homes. Black women, who are disproportionately represented among long-term welfare recipients, bore nearly 70 per cent of their children out of wedlock in 1992. I find credible evidence on both sides of the welfare–illegitimacy question, and definitive scientific studies on neither side. One especially fine study that answers the question in the affirmative is a 1993 article by Charles Murray in *The Journal of Law and Economics*.

Unfortunately, Murray is another conservative scholar whose well-publicized views on welfare Wilson dismisses as "not supported by any rigorous scientific evidence." It is worth noting, therefore, that in a recent issue of *The Brookings Review*, economists George Akerlof and Janet Yellen echo many of Murray's bedrock arguments about the social consequences of welfare (albeit without crediting them as such), and concede that "federal benefits may play a role" in illegitimacy rates among blacks and low-income women for whom "an increase in welfare benefits has the same effect on out-of-wedlock births as a decline in the stigma to bearing a child out of wedlock."

On inner-city crime, Wilson forcefully maintains that the culture of black-on-black youth violence is largely a culture of joblessness in disguise:

> Inner-city black youth with limited prospects for stable or attractive employment are easily lured into drug trafficking and therefore increasingly find themselves involved in the violent behavior that accompanies it. . . . Employed black males, like employed white males, experienced a precipitous decline in serious violent behavior following their adolescent period. Accordingly, a major reason for the racial gap in violent behavior after adolescence is joblessness; a large proportion of jobless black males do not assume adult roles and responsibilities. The new poverty neighborhoods feature a high concentration of jobless males and, as a result, suffer rates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of violent criminal behavior that exceed those in other urban neighborhoods.

The notion that the truly disadvantaged become the truly deviant, delinquent, and criminal largely because they live in job-poor settings is Wilson's single least persuasive structural stretch. Between 1985 and 1992, black males ages 14 to 24 remained just above 1 per cent of the country's population, but expanded from 9 to 17 per cent of its homicide victims and from 17 to 30 per cent of its murderers. From 1973 to 1992, the rate of violent victimizations of black males ages 16 to 19 nearly doubled. Black-on-white violent crime remains about fifty times more prevalent than white-on-black violent crime. In 1993 over half of all persons arrested for robbery in California, Texas, and Florida were black, though blacks were only 14, 12, and 14 per cent of those states' populations, respectively.

The National Institute of Justice reports that nearly half of the nation's street-gang members are black. In 1992 there were more than 800 gang-related homicides in Los Angeles alone, many of them involving South Central L.A. gangs such as the Bloods and Crips.

I SEE no reason to believe that joblessness (or being raised in a setting where most adults are jobless) is a more fateful direct or indirect cause of street crime than such variables as (take your pick) growing up fatherless, living with abusive or neglectful adults, lacking effective non-parental adult mentors, regularly getting drunk or abusing illegal drugs, performing terribly in school, being weakly attached to religious institutions, or learning after your first run-in with the law that our no-fault, revolving-door justice system is a bad joke.

In a 1994 essay published in the journal *Reconstruction*, the iconoclastic black writer Paul Ruffins asserted that "Afro-America's humiliation is that it is now held hostage by its own violent children." Poverty and joblessness, he suggested, had surely contributed to the demise of the black inner city. But there are, he advised, "serious drawbacks to a strategy which calls for attacking crime by first attacking poverty. For one thing, crime is likely to be a major cause of poverty insofar as it contributes to expelling middle-class people, white and black, out of the nation's cities, decimating their tax bases, displacing legitimate businesses, and further reducing available jobs." He concluded:

> There is yet another problem with the "attack poverty first" mentality, which is that it relieves the black community of the uncomfortable necessity of directly confronting the evil wrought by black criminals. We must remember that many black communities were much poorer sixty years ago than today. Yet almost all experienced much less violent criminality. Moreover, blaming poverty also misrepresents the true nature of the worst crimes. . . . The greatest increase has been in rapes, assaults, and killings that have more to do with individual psychopathology than any sort of economic necessity.

In the end, and despite his generally gallant efforts to integrate structural with cultural explanations for the inner-city's demise, Wilson is both intellectually and politically enslaved by his "attack poverty first" mentality.

In sum, *When Work Disappears* is a formidable book by America's most thoughtful and morally forthright liberal social-policy scholar. It should sensitize everyone, especially conservatives, to the reality of inner-city joblessness and the possible pitfalls of the new federal welfare plan. But it should persuade no one that the loss of human decency in the inner city has been driven mainly by a loss of decent jobs. If anything, the reverse is probably closer to the truth: when decency disappears, work and other good things do, too. □


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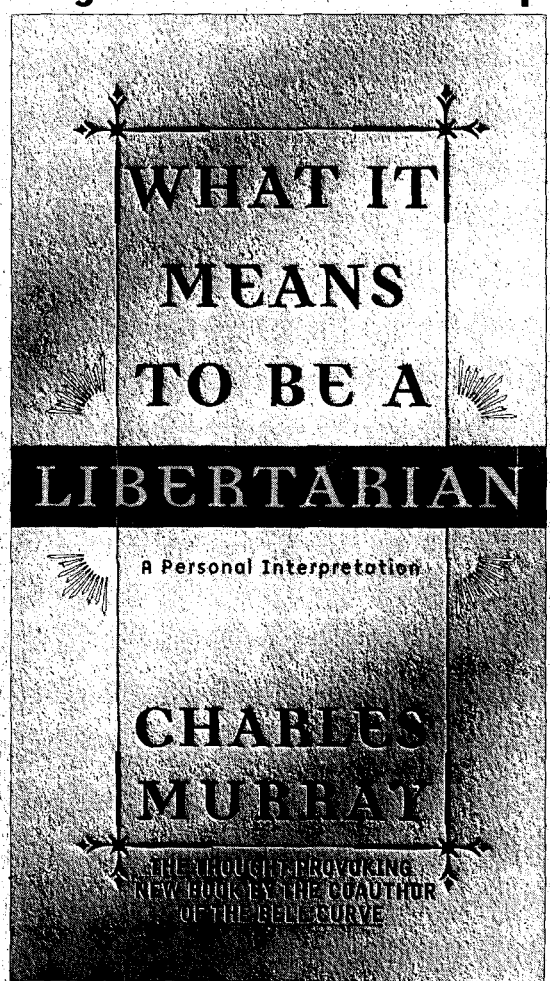
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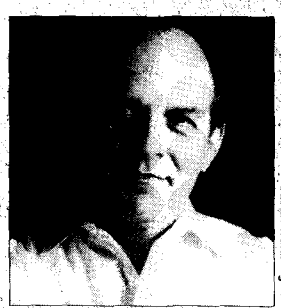
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## *FILM*

# Play Rach 3 for Me

JOHN SIMON

THE Australian ***Shine*** is yet another of those films surrounded by an aura of rapt veneration. It is the more or less true story of David Helfgott, the son of Peter, a Polish-Jewish refugee many of whose kin perished in the Holocaust. As a child, Peter scrimped for a violin, which his father prevented him from mastering. But Peter has taught his young son to play the piano. David proves a child prodigy, although Peter has great difficulty letting him go for lessons with a professional teacher nearby. When an offer comes for David to study in America, Peter puts his foot down: the family must not be broken up.

*The Rachmaninov Third is presented as the Everest of pianism, which is hysterical hogwash.*

It is typical of this film written by Jan Sardi from a story by Scott Hicks, who also directed, that we find out next to nothing about Peter and his pathology —not even what he does for a living. David's talented siblings are dimly glimpsed in the background; his mother is a household drudge verging on a mute zombie. Yet we need to know more about this family Peter so desperately wants to hold together. Only his madly contradictory behavior toward David takes on a little life, largely because Armin Mueller-Stahl is an actor good at being quietly, ominously scary. But occasional telling details do not connect into a story: the filmmakers mistake being artily elliptical for art.

Again, the now somewhat older David's friendship with an elderly writer, Katharine, could be something touching and revelatory, especially as it is she who helps the youth defy his father and go off to study at London's Royal College of Music. But this, too, is sketched in with disjointed dabs, and nice as it is to see Googie Withers again, her Katharine is not allowed to register properly. In London, David studies with the splendidly eccentric Cecil Parkes, and because the magnificent John Gielgud brings a jovially demonic glow to a clichéd role, the teacher–student scenes have some crackle to them.

Here it must be pointed out how musically unsophisticated the film is. David's ambition all along, fanned by Peter, is to play the Rachmaninov Third, or Rach 3, as they keep calling it. Rach 3 is presented as the Everest of pianism, the summit of artistic greatness and pianistic difficulty, which is hysterical hogwash. It is a pleasant piece that professional players easily toss off. Yet one of the climactic scenes here is David's performing Rach 3 with the Royal College student orchestra as Parkes gloats in the audience.

The scene pulls out enough stops to make a mere piano seem like an organ. At times the music ceases and David is banging away at dead keys; then again playing the piano becomes a cross between a day in the salt mines of Siberia and soaring into the ether with Mme Blavatsky. That Noah Taylor, who plays the middle David, is supremely unattractive—especially with long, flying tresses dripping pianistic sweat—doesn't help. At the end of the performance, David passes out—the beginning of a breakdown that will keep him, unable to play, in mental institutions for years.

It is typical of the filmmakers to linger over David's glasses with their thick frames, and Peter's with their thin ones. In the last meeting between the father who has expelled and repudiated his son, and the grown son who keeps slobbering about "Daddy," one of Peter's lenses is even cracked. A reminder that David's fell off his face as he conked out after Rach 3. This is banal and pretentious filmmaking whose empty glasses are supposed to fill up with profound human and symbolic significance. Similarly, David's obsession with water (unexplained) is supposed to be fraught with deeper implications, but remains a mere nuisance as David runs around bare-arsed, keeps taking baths, and creates floods in the bathroom. At one point he even, touchingly, defecates into his bathwater.

So it is quite a mystery why the poised Gillian should fall in love with the gibbering David: since his breakdown, he has not stopped a rapid-fire, near-nonsensical chatter. Reader, she marries him. To be sure, she is an astrologer, and his chart, which she draws up on her computer, augurs favorably. Still, to those of us astrally challenged, this is the final insult. But everything ends well as David is concertizing again. Since Helfgott is no Pollini or Kissin, it would be even better if instead of starting to play he just stopped his prattle.

Geoffrey Rush, a noted Australian stage actor who can also play the piano a bit, is amazingly likable as the third and most garrulous David; his gibberish drops as cheerfully from his lips as his constant cigarette dangles from them. Lynn Redgrave is pleasant as Gillian, but the film is unable to convey why she would overflow with love for a bathroom-overflower. It ends with the couple's visit to Peter's grave in a pretty cemetery; this is meant to be an uplifting, conciliatory closure, but is merely a stereotype.

All the classical music heard in the movie has been arranged by David Hirschfelder and Ricky Edwards, whoever they are. It is all about bringing high culture to the masses, yet if the likes of Rachmaninov, Liszt, and Chopin must be adapted and diluted, instead of on Rach 3, the film should have concentrated on "Three Blind Mice."

■ Let's get two filmed stage hits out of the way together. ***The Crucible***, directed by England's Nicholas Hytner, is the movie version of Arthur Miller's play, adapted by the author. It is a painstaking transposition to the screen of Miller's Broadway version of Salem 1692, the witch hunts as an allusion to Joe McCarthy and HUAC. But, as has been often pointed out, Communists existed—whether or not they were as big a threat as some thought—whereas witches didn't. However, at this very moment covens and Satanic cults are on the upswing, so the movie may be ahead of its time.

*Mr. Simon is NR's film critic.*



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Miller had a good story to work with and managed it tolerably, here sensibly dropping his half-hearted attempts at period diction that hurt the play. The movie was shot at Hog Island, a wildlife preserve near Boston, where a few period buildings were erected, and the look, though a bit skimpy, is adequate. The plot affords the actors ample opportunities to be vertiginously noble or dizzyingly wicked, but, somehow, the bloom is off the venture; perhaps we have seen the stage version too many times.

The casting is what's most interesting here. The Britisher Daniel Day-Lewis, strangely red of face, looks almost more Indian here than in *The Last of the Mohicans*, but he does a staunch job as the authorial alter ego, the stalwart John Proctor. Paul Scofield has fun with the holier-than-thou Judge Danforth, providing a welcome infusion of high camp. Bruce Davidson is a curious choice for the benightedly frantic Reverend Parris, but pulls it off. The good Rob Campbell is too young for Reverend Hale, and jars a bit, but the rest are fine—two of them exceptional.

Winona Ryder has been veering from sweet to sickening in the good-girl roles she has been rehashing. As Abigail Williams, she is the naughty girl with whom the upright Proctor had a bit of a lapse before dutifully returning to his wife, Elizabeth. It is Abigail's jealous rage that precipitates the witch hunt, and Miss Ryder bites into her role with the irrepressible elation of someone finally relieved from the burden of adorable virtue. And she is good and frightening.

The always superb Joan Allen triumphs as Elizabeth, the decent, humorless, devoted but aching wife, wanly tight-lipped but with a fearful fervor within. Miss Allen is monumental in her righteously repressed misery. The spouses' final parting has both actors in top form, but Hytner unfortunately places them on an empty beach, with the ocean stealing some of their thunder as Andrew Dunn's camera shows off with how bleakly windswept it can make things look.

■ If you liked ***Evita*** on Broadway, you should accept it from Hollywood with love. Personally, I thought Andrew Lloyd-Webber and Tim Rice's musical paltry stuff on stage, what with only one hit song in the score and even that not quite music to my ears. The movie adds huge and endless crowd scenes, somewhat undercutting the more intimate aspects of the musical, but strengthening the political impact of Juan and Eva Perón.

Alan Parker, not my favorite director, does move things along with brio; Budapest doubles well enough for Buenos Aires to my non-Porteño eyes, and Madonna coaxed out access to Eva's real balcony. Though not slick-looking enough for Perón, Jonathan Pryce does nicely, and Antonio Banderas is surprisingly good as the ghostly commentator whom the program, as in the play, still refers to as Che, although he is now more of a multifaceted Everyman. Madonna is just trashy enough to be, with the help of some Diorish outfits, a perfect Evita, though one song taken from another character nowise fits her, and a new song especially written for her is execrable. She sings convincingly, and the new, more Latin-sounding orchestrations sound appropriate.

Darius Khondji is a true conjuror of a cinematographer, and the film generally manages to keep us mildly interested. But the glorification—for it is that—of Eva Perón was in bad taste on Broadway, and remains so now. □

## *SOUND ON DISC*

# Wunderkinder

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

ROUND and round she goes, and every year we are presented with new *Wunderkinder* or their adolescent counterparts. The state of musical instruction being what it is today, a young talent with digital dexterity and determined parents can be taught to play well enough to become the latest "find." This is not to detract from one young violinist, Leila Josefowicz. At 17, she cannot be considered a *Wunderkind*—though perhaps we can neologize by characterizing her as a *Wunderjüngling*. Miss Josefowicz has all the proper qualifications. For *Solo*, her first album in her own right (Philips 446 700-2), she has recorded works of considerable technical difficulty—Bartók's Sonata for Solo Violin and a Paganini show-off piece—as well as less challenging works for solo violin. The Paganini is, like everything else he wrote, empty and designed to display little more than finger-busting challenges. Miss Josefowicz sails through it, dominating the devils who reside in every violin, and displaying remarkable technical agility. The Bartók is real music, and she shows more than usual understanding of its expressionism.

■ If we are looking for a real *Wunderkind* and *Wunderjüngling*, we can turn to Frédéric Chopin and the gorgeous panoply of his work. At eight he had made a sensational debut as a pianist; by the time he reached his twenties, as a composer he had gone beyond an outpouring of music for the piano to produce works such as the Piano Concertos No. 1 in E Minor and No. 2 in F Minor—more piano than concerto, but beguiling works in the "romantic" style then in the ascendant. Schumann would call him the "boldest poetic spirit of the time"—effeminate, neurotic, dandyish, ironic, courageous in facing the death that came to him when he was 39, and a pianist of remarkable passion and virtuosity. The music he composed, blazing no musical trails but emotionally and melodically rich, had a unique loveliness and spontaneity—though he labored in setting it onto paper. That seeming spontaneity is evident in a recording by Antal Dorati conducting the London Symphony (Mercury 434 374-2). As soloist, Gina Bachauer is excellent, her free-wheeling style particularly suited to respond to the composer. *Byron Janis Plays Chopin* (EMI 56196), an album of the waltzes, nocturnes, and mazurkas which made up much of Chopin's work, offers a more contemplative traversal, and a more sensitive unbuttoning. The touch, so important in a Chopin performance, is there.

■ The Beethoven piano sonatas are, in a way, a Scylla and Charybdis for soloists. On the one hand there is the scored

*Mr. Toledano is the author of Frontiers of Jazz and other books.*



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music, and on the other the recordings of every musician since the phonograph was invented—as well as the tradition of those who came before. I know of only two pianists who have survived the *Appassionata* and made of it a coherent work: Rudolf Serkin and Paul Badura-Skoda. Many otherwise great pianists have run their ships aground on the "unplayable" last sonatas because they have gone to sea on a modern concert grand. These sonatas are very playable on the piano for which Beethoven wrote them—but this is a secret only Paul Badura-Skoda seems to have discovered.

Then there is Alfred Brendel. He has been a kind of utility outfielder of the Beethoven sonatas. If you cannot find a recording of this or that sonata by your favorite pianist, there is one by Alfred Brendel. I turned to his *Piano Sonatas Opus 10* (Philips 446 664-2) hoping to find a pianist *moyen sensuel* for sonatas much touted as being the precursors of the powerful Beethoven style which produced the Fifth Symphony and later works. Brendel plays a modern concert grand, which gives too much brilliance —but then so do most other pianists. Brendel seems to feel that he must give us something new in the *Adagio* of the first of this sonata cluster. He plays a few measures and then there is silence, during which you fuss with your stereo controls. But he comes on again for a few measures and, once more, silence. Nevertheless, his performance is generally satisfying and perceptive.

■ Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky has always been the victim of stupid criticism. In his lifetime, Eduard Hanslick would write that "we see wild and vulgar faces, we hear curses, we smell bad brandy" in his scores. In later times, he was treated with a degree of condescension, as if his great appeal was something to be held against him. Yet his music was always melodically rich and felicitously tied to dance—and it had a vitality that transcended what faults the critics could find. His Symphony No. 4 in F Minor was written after a mental collapse and attempted suicide, consequences of the break-up of his marriage to a nymphomaniacal and unintelligent woman, which he had entered into in an effort to eradicate his homosexuality. Critics immediately marked it as "gloomy" and "despairing"—judgments that bear little relation to the score. There is some pathos here and there, but rhythmic themes, serene melodic statements, and buoyant passages mark this symphony—to me the most engaging of Tchaikovsky's six. Antal Dorati, conducting the London Symphony, makes the most of these qualities, for he is not afraid to let the music speak for itself without hindrance from the still-maundering critics (Mercury 434 373-2).

*Today a young talent with digital dexterity and determined parents can be taught to play well enough to be the latest 'find.'*

■ Lyrichord, which specializes in early music, has sent me three of its recent issues: *Airs & Duets* of Purcell (LEMS 8024), *Echoes of Jeanne d'Arc* (LEMS 8025), and *Love Letters from Italy* (LEMS 8026). Of these, the *Echoes*—which has no real connection with the Maid of Orleans, and consists of Reginaldus Liebert's *Missa de Beata Virgine*—should be the most rewarding. It represents that Mary worship which grew out of the celebration of courtly love and swept Europe—for Mary represents perhaps the most sublime aspect of Christianity, and its "precious joy." Liebert's *Beata Virgine* combines both a Proper and the Ordinary of the Mass, in a polyphonic style known as Flamboyant Gothic. It is the purity of these early voices—celebrated by the Schola Discantus under Kevin Moll—which touches one, for it is in a sense unspoken prayer set to music.

The *Love Letters*, which takes its title from Monteverdi's *Letera Amorosa*, one of the works in this collection, has more general appeal, as its subtitle, *Seventeenth-Century Virtuoso Love Songs,* might indicate. As polyphony, in which all voices had equal importance, moved to monody, the virtuoso performer emerged. In this recording—featuring the fine countertenor Drew Minter and the Artek ensemble directed by Gwendolyn Toth—are the lovely and swinging songs of Monteverdi and his contemporaries. But to this there are added three works by Frescobaldi, one of the great improvisers of his time, who was responsible for what have been described as seventeenth-century jam sessions, in which he and other musicians collectively improvised on the melodies of their times as twentieth-century jazz musicians would do—and at St. Peter's, of all places.

Of the Purcell, *qué podemos decir*? In his day, and it was a short one, he was called the *Orpheus Britannicus*. A brief quotation from the foreword to a collection of his vocal music sums up: "The Author's extraordinary Tallent in all sorts of Music, is sufficiently known; but he was particularly admir'd for his Vocal, having a peculiar Genius to Express the Energy of English Words, whereby he mov'd the Passions as well as caus'd Admiration in all his Auditors." With his death and that of his contemporaries, English music died, perhaps never quite having recovered from Oliver Cromwell's knee to the groin. Countertenor Jeffrey Dooley, tenor Howard Crook, the other singers, and the instrumentalists do very, very right by these songs. □

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

*Down With the Old Canoe, by Steven Biel (Norton, 300 pp., $25)*

*Everyman for Himself, by Beryl Bainbridge (Carroll & Graf, 224 pp., $21)*

THE *Titanic* has been with us ever since it went down early in the morning of April 15, 1912. There is no sign that it will soon go away, and, no doubt, the disaster is worth long reflection. Now we have a novel by Beryl Bainbridge, "one of England's leading novelists," and a survey by Harvard instructor in "writing" Steven Biel of the journey of the *Titanic* through culture: that is, the many messages the *Titanic* disaster has sent to different constituencies. We also look forward to a musical about the disaster, opening on April 10, the day the ship sailed from Southampton. *Titanic* fanatics, such as myself, will enjoy Miss Bainbridge's novel in the sense of meet-

*(Continues on page 60)*



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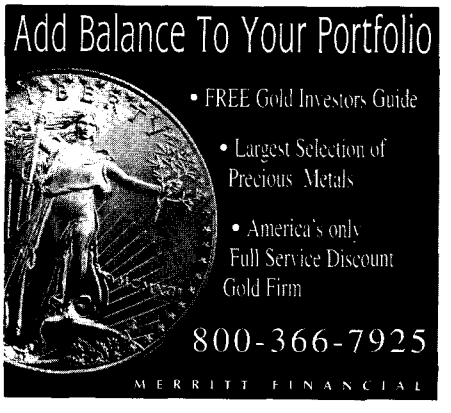
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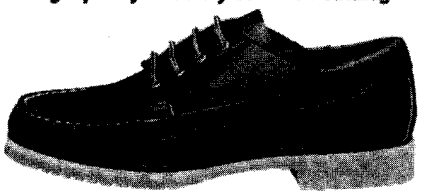

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## BOOK BRIEFS

(Continued from page 58)

ing old friends: the scenes at Southampton, the details of the ship, the Astors, Strausses, and Guggenheims, the iceberg reports, the "juddering" when the ship scraped along the iceberg, the sinking. But this homework by Miss Bainbridge exhausts the interest of the book. (Not all good homework. She thinks the band played "Nearer My God to Thee," which it did not.) She does a good sinking scene in the calm, 28-degree sea. Otherwise her novel is worthless—cardboard characters and oatmeal prose. As for Professor Biel, he must have a trunkful of index cards, and he catalogues almost everything that was said by way of interpreting the disaster. He appears to resent the emphasis on the chivalric behavior of the wealthy men who bit their lips and willingly died. He never shows that they did not in fact die according to the gentleman's code, so the sources of his resentment are obscure. I treasure the fringy preacher who thought God had doomed the ship because Colonel Archie Butt, President Taft's advisor, had been on a supposed secret mission to the Pope. The anti-technology people, so to speak, went overboard. The fact is that Captain Edward Smith, not quite aware of the characteristics and size of the ship, sailed at full speed, 24.5 land mph, into an ice field he had been repeatedly warned about. One response Professor Biel somehow misses is John Erskine's famous 1913 Phi Beta Kappa address, "The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent." Instead, for mysterious reasons, he chooses for his title a line from an obscure and trivial Negro ballad.

—Jeffrey Hart

## FREEMAN

(Continued from page 44)

point? As far as we can tell, none. His vision seems to be, build it and it will Solve the Problem—a vision admixing a touching faith in high technology with true belief in man's perfectibility. Hmm. For parents who barely survived the "open classroom," the "whole-language movement," and other can't-miss educational brainstorms, there is good reason for skepticism. The nation would be betting still another generation of young Americans on still another technofix.

Is it possible that Gore's ATM scheme might actually work? Sure. But it seems safer in the absence of hard data to be guided by informed bestguessism. Such as that from Clifford Stoll, the author of *Silicon Snake Oil* and a research astronomer who has been on-line himself since the mid Seventies. Stoll tells me, "I remember when I was a kid. We always used to look forward to filmstrips and instructional videos and educational movies. It was always a really cool time because . . . I'd be able to switch my mind into neutral, sit in a dark room, and not have to think for 45 minutes. . . . Kids love computers, but just because a kid loves to do something doesn't mean that his mind is engaged." Or this from Yale computer scientist David Gelernter: "The problems with schools are problems with basics. . . . Reading, writing, history, and arithmetic are desperately needed. The Internet is like Driver Ed, except more trivial."

More trivial perhaps, but still capable of exerting a force so powerful that it has shoved this cautious career politician far out on a limb. There, at the very end of that long limb, he joins the other guys, Bill Gates and John Malone. And you and me, of course. □



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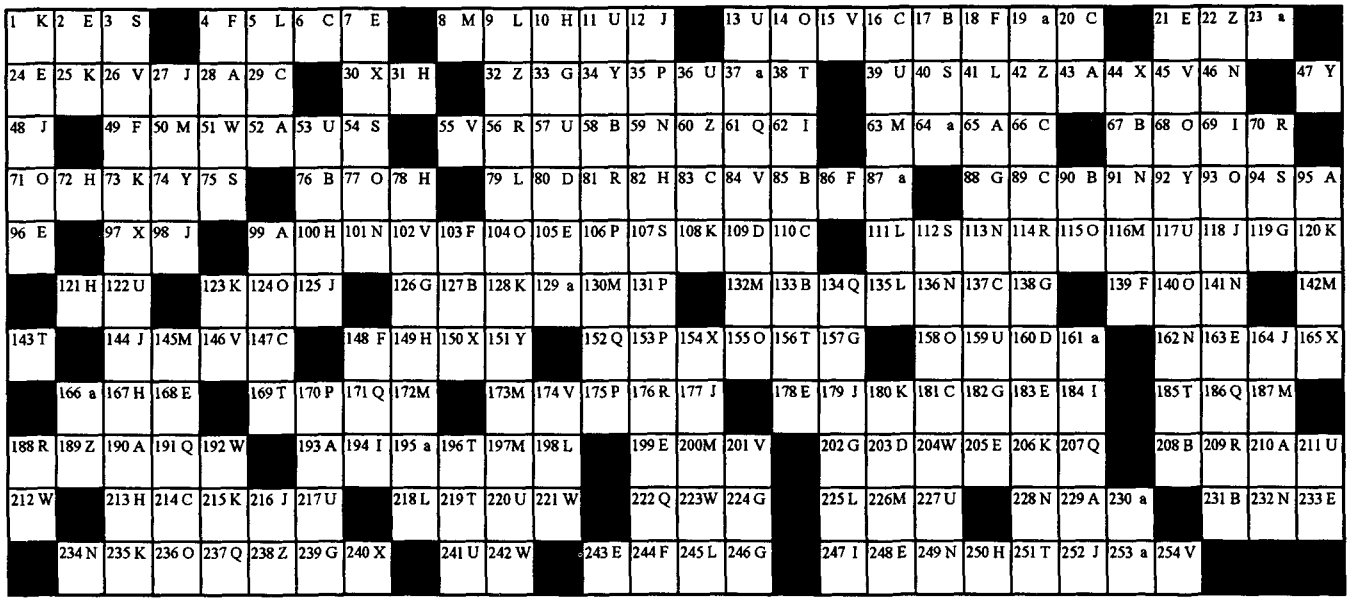
# TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner




## DEFINITIONS

A. Less than brilliant — 95 193 99 28 229 210 65 52 190 43

B. Quinine (2 words) — 67 127 85 133 90 208 76 231 58 17

C. American primitive painter (2 words) — 110 214 16 89 20 6 83 181 137 66 147 29

D. Celtic given name — 80 203 160 109

E. Jane Austen novel (2 words) — 205 248 163 243 2 21 183 178 96 168 199 24 105 233 7

F. Loudmouth — 139 86 148 49 244 4 103 18

G. Westerners — 33 126 239 88 224 202 138 246 182 119 157

H. Disagreement, debate — 78 10 31 213 72 121 167 82 250 100 149

I. Readily, appositely — 69 247 62 194 184

J. What Sister McDougal appears to have sworn (3 words) — 216 48 144 164 98 125 252 12 179 177 27 118

K. Deathlessness — 123 73 128 215 180 1 235 25 108 206 120

L. Not the Regular Line (military) (2 words) — 198 9 245 225 41 79 218 5 111 135

M. Promise of Balfour Declaration (2 words) — 173 145 142 116 8 50 172 226 132 197 63 130 200 187

N. Base desires (2 words) — 46 91 162 234 136 249 232 59 228 101 141 113

O. Gudrun married this "Scourge of God" (406–453) (3 words) — 93 124 155 104 236 158 115 68 14 71 140 77

P. Thomas More's imaginary island republic — 106 131 153 175 170 35

Q. Charms — 171 222 237 191 134 152 61 186 207

R. Grand speech — 209 81 176 188 114 56 70

S. Headdresses — 94 112 40 75 3 107 54

T. Obstructing things (3 words) — 196 219 251 156 143 169 185 38

U. England's Lord Protector (1599–1658) (2 words) — 241 36 39 117 217 227 220 13 122 57 159 53 211 11

V. Increments — 15 146 26 201 174 102 84 45 254 55

W. Civilized, urbane — 192 204 242 51 223 221 212

X. Payments to one's former wife — 30 150 44 165 97 154 240

Y. Hearst's unfortunate daughter — 92 74 47 34 151

Z. Well-being — 60 42 238 22 32 189

a. Faintheart, coward — 87 64 23 37 253 166 129 19 230 195 161

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

**Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram.** ISAIAH: *The Advent of Our Lord*: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, Make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: . . . And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, And all flesh shall see it together: For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."



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# ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

## What Next for Newt?

NEW YORK, JANUARY 2

The vulnerabilities of Newt Gingrich are obvious. To begin with, he is the primary figure in Republican life. Second, he was the object of the sustained attacks of the Democratic machine during the entire campaign season.

His enemies were plainspoken in their designs: to incarnate in Gingrich all the vices it is possible to collect against the Republican movement. As we all know, every Democrat running for election or re-election to Congress was portrayed as running against not his local opponent, but Newt Gingrich.

A third vulnerability has been the endlessness of the House ethics committee's inquiry. The committee members would plead that they should be given credit for the 71 charges filed against Gingrich and dismissed, after investigation, as without substance.

It takes a while to establish innocence. But a measure of the preoccupation with the Gingrich matter is the ethics committee member who told the press that he had done little else but engage in Newtology for two years. One wonders whether, before it is all over, universities will be granting PhDs in Newtonian ethics.

Finally, of course, Gingrich's formal vulnerabilities lie in his having averred two things to the investigating committee. The first, that the course he was teaching in Georgia was completely nonpartisan. The second, that the course "was wholly independent of GOPAC," his political-action committee. On these matters Gingrich spoke only a few words in his own defense, namely that he had not intended any misrepresentation, and was therefore not guilty of the substantive falsehood associated with perjury.

On one talk show, the regularly scheduled tricoteuse, Margaret Carlson of *Time* magazine, referred to Gingrich as a "liar" as matter-of-factly as one might refer to Miss Carlson as a lady. Rep. Henry Hyde, a guest on the program, objected, reminding her that "liar" describes someone who intended the falsehood, which he did not believe was the case with Gingrich.

How could someone as sophisticated as Gingrich make such errors? The question is aptly put, because the more sophisticated you are in these matters, the likelier it is that you will come upon ambiguities. If Supreme Court Justices can flatly disagree with one another on the meaning of a law or even of a constitutional clause, we shouldn't be surprised that there are disagreements about how to interpret some tax and electoral laws.

Question: Was Gingrich's course "partisan"? If the final exam in a course asks you to give the names of all political candidates who believe in God and country, and the grade reflects how many Republican names you gave, then it is pretty clearly partisan. If the exam asks where in the Constitution does the Supreme Court get the authority to rule as it does on abortion, homosexuality, prayer in school, burning the American flag and OKing *Deep Throat* at the local movie theater, and the student who answers "Nowhere" gets an A, is that partisan?

Some observers have emphasized that tax-exempt organizations must engage only in tax-exempt enterprises. Yes. But how is it that *Mother Jones* and *Ms.* are tax-exempt, given their clear ideological partisanship?

And when Gingrich said that his course was wholly independent of GOPAC, might he not have been saying the same thing the president of MIT might mean in saying that the millions of dollars received from the U.S. Government nevertheless leave MIT wholly independent of the government? It has never been suggested that Gingrich's course was monitored by the PAC with which he is associated.

Gingrich elected, as we all know, not to contend on these matters, at this level, even though the arguments were there for him to make. This was a wise decision, since eristic argumentation at this tedious moment, after two years of investigation, is exactly what nobody except maybe Rep. David Bonior, whose appetite is for hundred-year wars, would want.

So then, what should the committee do?

The possibilities, in order of gravity, are: a letter of reproval, a fine, a reprimand, censure, expulsion. The first would acknowledge what Gingrich has admitted to and apologized for: his failure to communicate what he had reason to believe the committee wanted to know.

So let's get back to the business of blocking that bridge to the twenty-first century. The twentieth has been bad enough. □

*"What about due process?"*

## James Carville's Game

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 17

On the James Carville business, a few observations:

1. We have here a phenomenon hugely exasperating because it is perversely successful. What we have is James Carville imputing unprofessional behavior to prosecutor Kenneth Starr. In rapid sequence, what happens is that there is a considerable roar of protest over the indefensibility of Carville's charges, Carville routinely and robustly repeats his charges, the President in whose behalf they are made shrugs his shoulders and says something on the order of, What is there anybody can do about James?—and public opinion begins to reflect the slander. A majority of those questioned (42 per cent) think Starr partisan in the matter at hand.

2. James Carville is, thank God, sui generis. There isn't anybody quite like him going around untethered. I have a personal experience with him during the campaign, an hour's public discussion before a huge audience and a couple of hours' car ride to our hotel—he is wonderfully genial company. During his speech, Carville began slowly, but the thunder inside was banking, and after eight or ten minutes, James Carville had clutched into a Huey Long mode. The President was the representative of good honest upright Americans, the President feels genuine compassion for the hard-luck cases of this world and wants to help them, but his problem is the Republicans who are rich and brutish and unfeeling. . . . At this point one expected lightning flashes from the ceiling of the auditorium, but had to make do with the hysterical cheers of six thousand students, vindicated in their love of love and goodness and care. Oh, and God.

3. An example of the resonance of the Carville approach to Kenneth Starr is an exchange on Saturday, December 14, between CNN's Wolf Blitzer and retiring White House counsel Jack Quinn. Blitzer asks Quinn to comment on the Carville war against Starr, and Quinn replies that, after all, Starr has heavily engaged in "partisan" activity.



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"Like what?" asked Blitzer.

"Like his speech before the Detroit Economic Club." Blitzer nods. The viewer has the impression that prosecutor Kenneth Starr went to the Detroit Economic Club to say something on the order of, "Just leave that felon sitting in the Oval Office to me. I'll take care of him!"

The next step, obviously, was to get and read the infamous speech. It was given on November 11, a week after the election. "Although [constitutional] checks and balances sometimes make it difficult for the government to move forward expeditiously, they also circumvent abuses of power by officials who, as Madison and his colleagues knew, may not be angelic."

Is there anything there that presupposes a commitment to the guilt of Bill and Hillary Clinton? Perhaps the mere suggestion that government officials aren't necessarily angelic is invidious. But wouldn't the opposite—that government officials are always blameless—sound odd?

What, specifically, did Starr say about Whitewater?

"Whitewater is about several related things. It is, at its origins, about lying—false statements and fraud. . . . It is about lying and fraud to secure loans for wealthy and influential people."

He went on to give the example of Susan McDougal, one of the four partners in Whitewater Development. "At trial the evidence established that using false and fraudulent information, Susan McDougal borrowed $300,000 from a federal program designed to benefit disadvantaged small businesses. The loan, ostensibly, was to finance her advertising business. She walked into the loan office, signed a few papers, and took home $300,000.

". . . Since the trial, Mrs. McDougal has refused to testify before a grand jury in Little Rock seeking to get to the bottom of Whitewater. She is now incarcerated for contempt of court. . . .

"Whitewater is also about lawyers, judges, politicians, and business people who, like Susan McDougal, borrowed money through lies and deceit for one purpose and used it for another. These are not people who, in a phrase used by the defense at the McDougal trial, just fell off the watermelon truck."

4. It is ironic that we have here words spoken by the special prosecutor that exactly reflect the policy views of James Carville when he is on the stump. One reflects sadly that the politics of Huey Long may sound populist; but, in fact, what goes on is merely another exchange of power and privilege. James Carville is a good-old-boy from Louisiana, and he knows that his job is to defend the boss by whatever means. □

# *Remembering Mozart*

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 20

Events crowd around, and the journalist/commentator is especially aware of imminent developments. Will the hostages survive? Will Bill Clinton resign? Between this deadline and the appearance of these words, reflections on minute-by-minute crises run the risk of appearing rancid, or insensitive, or outside any general concern.

At home, before the deadline, we tuned in to A&E for its daily biography and got—Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart! That roaring genius! And so my mind went back to my one very direct touch with Mozart.

It was some years ago, and the club I go to for a few days every summer imposed on me, as is its habit in its dealings with amateurs, a challenge. Would I perform on the harpsichord a stretch of music by Mozart?

One is conditioned to say yes, in such circumstances, the governing muse being: Everybody has to do his (not her) bit in order to fly the banner of amateur art.

I selected to conquer Mozart's 12 variations on the theme of "*Ah, vous dirais-je, Maman*." That was one of the musical trifles Mozart brought off in his 21st year, taking a few hours off between operas, concertos, and symphonies. The English version of the French tune is "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star": Tum tum TUM TUM tum tum TAH, Tum tum tum tum what you are.

Mozart lovers can imagine him, perhaps on his 21st birthday, in a crowded salon:

"Wolfgang, give us a tune!" Wolfgang: "On what theme?"

"Oh, how about . . . 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star'?"

So he has another drink and then sits down at the keyboard and thrums out the theme. But Mozart being Mozart, he then improvises a variation on it. The crowd is delighted. "Wait!" he says. "I've just started!" He goes on to a second variation. And on and on, finishing with a 12th.

The young crowd is ecstatic over the variations, which go from playful to solemn, from grand to sleepy, from sweet and simple to a crashing finale. More drinks are served and other things occupy the company, but the next morning an admirer says, "Wolfgang, you really ought to write down what you did last night."

Two hundred years later I am slaving away, trying to stuff his extemporaneity into my fingers, spending more time in the effort than Mozart would have taken to write five symphonies and four operas.

The dreadful moment approached, and there were 1,500 happy people there, warmed up by a dozen episodes preceding my nervous ordeal: rousing comedy sequences, songs, jokes, laughter. During that period I was backstage, struggling to keep my fingers warm and my heart stable.

I had read that the great Glenn Gould nurtured his fingers before concert time by immersing them in bowls of warm water. I asked, imperially, for the same treatment, and a high official of a major U.S. corporation, doing his service to the muse, was designated to keep me supplied with warm water during the agonizing hour awaiting my tribulation.

I could hear, through the heavy curtains, the roars of delight from the audience. The awful moment arrived when the master of ceremonies announced, "And now we will have something really unusual! Our camp mate will perform on the harpsichord [the what?—I could almost hear the crowd wondering] Mozart's 12 variations on the theme, '*Ah, vous dirais-je, Maman*," which, folks, translates into English as, 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star.'"

The stage wheeled around, and suddenly I was front and center, and the temperature dropped from 80 degrees backstage to 50 degrees in the California redwood country. My limpid warmed fingers turned to ice. I started in. "Tum tum TUM TUM tum tum TUM, How I wonder what you are."

I hit as many false as correct notes, and was sustained only by the hope that the mistakes did not affront a permissive audience, most of whom had not heard a harpsichord before, many of whom patiently assumed that Variation Two would feature a kangaroo jumping out of the instrument and everyone would roar in amusement, and they could go on to the next act.

You know about the speaker who goes on and on? Adlai Stevenson once quipped, "What happens after a Saturday-night speech by Hubert Humphrey? Sunday." Mozart's 12 variations take a certain amount of time to get through. A lot of time, by the measurements of hyped-up audiences who are treated to a joke or a jazz exuberance every minute or two. A few months before my ordeal, the people of California had voted yes on the famous Proposition 13, which would require the legislature to limit taxation on property. "Vote Yes on Proposition 13" was the great rallying point of the political season. After about five minutes of tortured effort, with another five minutes to go, a voice rose from the crowd, "Vote no on Variation 13!"

Aaahh. A huge squirt of ice water in mid-performance. But I got through it, and the crowd was very kind, and I thought then, as I did after listening to A&E, how wonderful was Mozart, and how many, underendowed, have suffered from attempting to imitate him. □

*(Universal Press Syndicate)*



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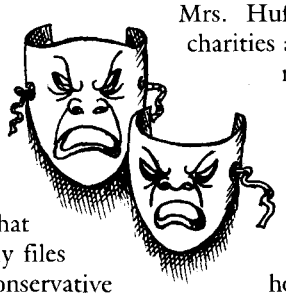
# THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

GIVEN my absorbing interest in interplanetary wonders, I pay close attention to the activities of compassionate conservatives. By far the most active star in this alarming constellation is Arianna Huffington, chairwoman of the Center for Effective Compassion, who puts Halley's Comet to shame. You don't need a telescope to see her, just a TV remote. Hold down the surf button and she goes by every 75 milliseconds.



When not chairing and guesting, La Belle Dame Sans Respite writes a syndicated newspaper column that has a way of ending up in my files much more often than a conservative column should. The latest one to catch my eye appeared shortly before Christmas under the headline, BLESSINGS BORN OF A CHARITABLE TAX CREDIT.

"Passion replaced number-crunching last week at the Cannon Building on Capitol Hill," she begins rivetingly. The Republicans were there to talk about balancing the budget, but to her delight, Rep. John Kasich and Sen. Dan Coats stripped off their green eyeshades and just let it come.

The ensuing orgiastic revel consisted of a heartfelt discussion of a tax-credit proposal that would allow "families" (as usual, no mention of other types of citizens) to give up to $1,000 of what they owe in taxes to a poverty-fighting charity of their choice. Say your federal tax bill is $8,000; you could give $1,000 of it to somebody besides the government. Do you then get to take a $1,000 deduction on the $7,000 you still owe the feds? As best I could tell after three re-readings, the answer is no. You are still out $8,000; your reward is knowing that you helped privatize welfare.

"I cannot think of another piece of legislation that would achieve in one fell swoop three crucial objectives," Mrs. Huffington effuses. First, "it would establish a hierarchy of charitable priorities," i.e., promote the charities that make conservatives look compassionate instead of just conservative. Here she quotes Kasich at his plaintive-beagle best: "We love the symphony, but we have to have priorities. You have to examine your heart and ask: 'What is the greater crisis—the symphony or crime?'"

Mrs. Huffington's idea of worthy charities are those underfunded little rabbit hutches of Trad Vals idealism where people chomp on grass roots and quiver at the mention of "community." One such is the National Center for Neighborhood Enterprise, whose founder, Bob Woodson, told her: "If the 105th Congress does nothing else, it's got to pass this bill. Can you imagine what a boon it would be for poverty fighters to be able to recruit millions of Americans to give directly to those in need?"

Turning over our taxes to our local Bob Woodsons would effect her second crucial objective: "strengthening the frail bonds of community" by giving us a chance to become "personally involved" with the welfare mothers and homeboyz we never got to meet when we paid our taxes directly to the government. The woman's insight is astonishing; how did she know this is just what I've always wanted?

"Will everyone follow giving a check with giving time—like mentoring a neglected child or a fatherless teenager?" she asks. "Of course not. But many more will, until a critical mass is reached that will begin to transform society."

Critical mass is a euphemism for the pressure of conformity, which brings her to her third crucial objective: the charitable tax credit will make us better people. "We become generous by the practice of generosity and compassionate by the practice of compassion—not by the practice of lobbying the government to be compassionate. There are certain things that just cannot be delegated. In fact, giving our taxes to government to practice compassion for us has the same character-building effect as paying someone to pray for us."

What kind of conservative confuses taxes with charity and taking with giving? Anyone who spends much time with Mrs. Huffington, apparently; Dan Coats stated that her latest monomania would mean "taxpayers will have a choice in terms of how they direct some of their charitable giving." What charitable giving? They're taxes, damnit! Choosing who gets to twist our arm for the same amount of money is not a choice, nor is being allowed to pick out the rathole down which it gets poured.

MRS. Huffington and her half-cocked confrères on the bleeding-heart Right are turning compassionate conservatism into privatized liberalism. If they continue their panicky mobilization schemes, they will loose the few remaining dogs of the poverty war that have not yet been sicked on us. The slavery-reparations crowd will demand that we give at the office. Jesse Jackson will want to "invest" our IRA interest, and each of us will be assigned our own personal illiterate to tutor in the brave new world of compulsory volunteerism—and if you doubt that phrase could catch on, you don't know America.

Mrs. Huffington does, judging by her impassioned credo: "Let me make it quite clear that I am not neutral on the subject. In fact, to paraphrase Kenneth Tynan's review of John Osborne's landmark play *Look Back in Anger*: 'I doubt if I could love anyone who does not love the charitable tax credit.'" This, as any writer will tell you, is an unconscionable stretch; you don't make your point with a 1956 British play that most of your readers have never heard of. So why did she haul it in?

Maybe because it's about middle-class masochism. Act One opens with the well-bred Alison ironing while her prole husband Jimmy loafs in bed carping at her, her family, and her background. Enter Helena, Alison's old school chum, who urges her to divorce the loutish Jimmy, whereupon Alison leaves him. Act Two opens with Helena ironing while Jimmy carps at her, her family, and her background. In Act Three, Alison, having discovered that she can't live without her compulsory volunteerism, returns and takes up her old post at the ironing board as the curtain falls. □

*Miss King is the author of* The Florence King Reader *and other books.*



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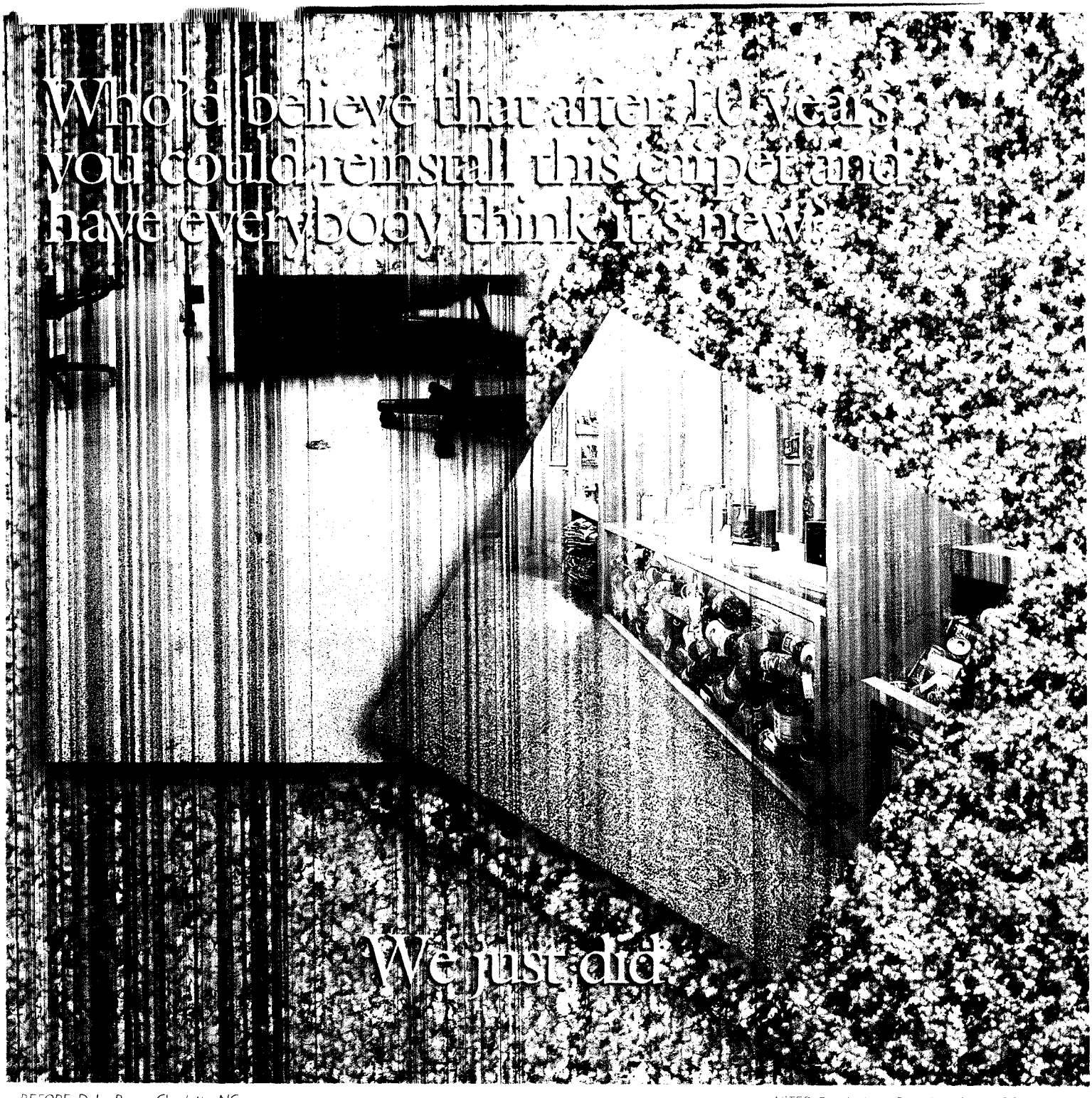


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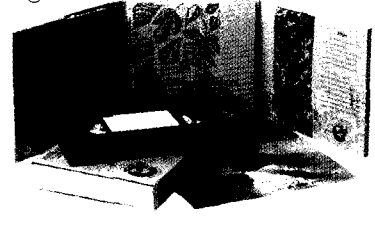

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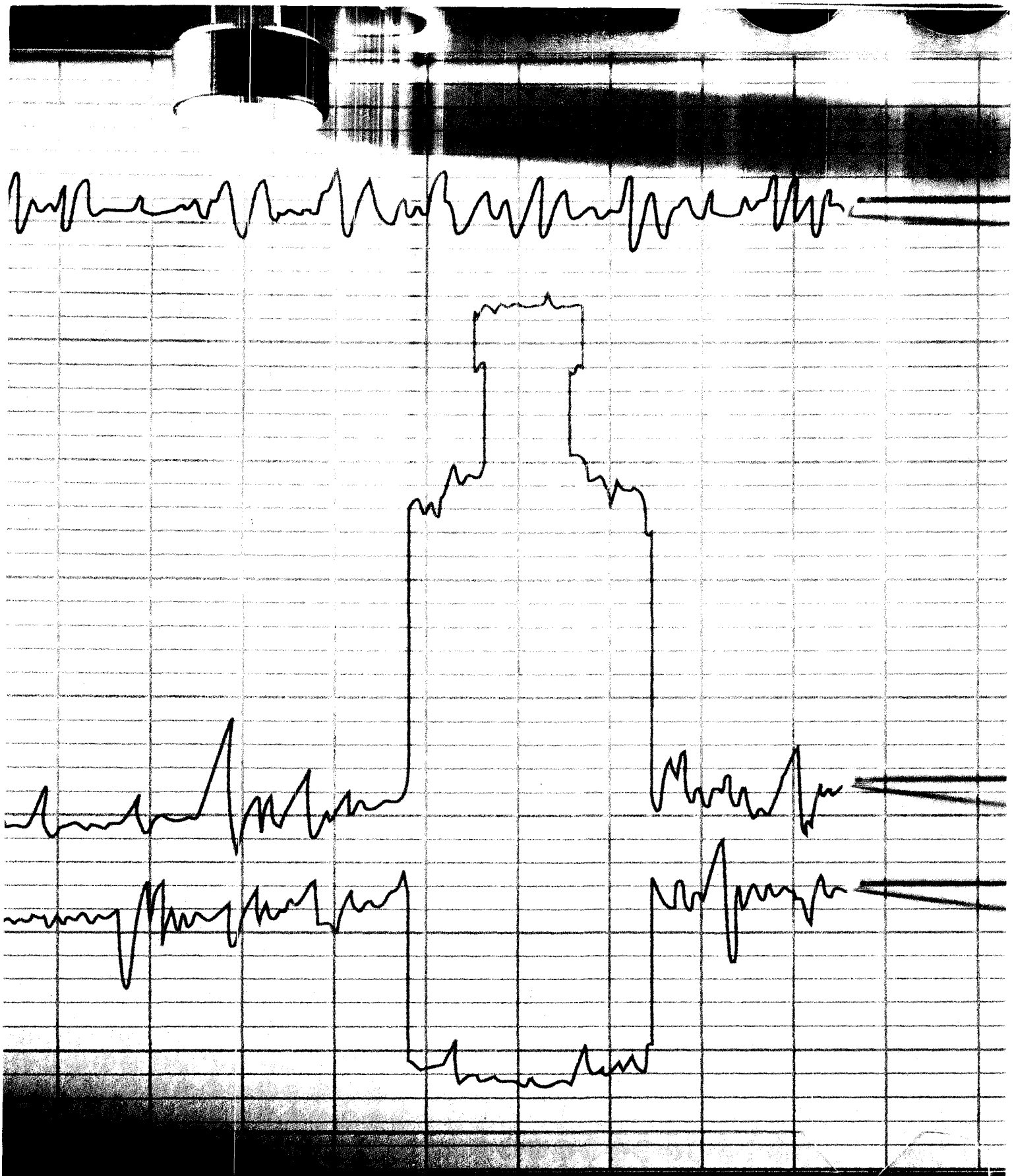

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